STILL UNRIVALLED

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 68. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 19TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 68. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 19TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

PRESERVED.

SOME LIGHT ON A SPORTING PROBLEM.

We had met at the lunch-hour on Monday, and were comparing notes on our week-end doings and experiences.

My friend had gone down to a Sussex farm, which he had heard of through an advertisement. It had struck him as an ideal place to have a day's quiet country enjoyment, and when he had caught sight of the word "fishing" in the advertisement, as one of the attractions of the place, he had there and then decided that he would make the experiment.

There was only one drawback, he said, and when I inquired its nature he referred to the "fishing" which had lured him thither.

The burden of his complaint was that the fishing was preserved, and that, in order to enjoy it it was necessary to pay a rather high fee, or at least what was to him something "stiff," as he put it.

His annoyance at that charge for the privilege of fishing led to a discussion between us upon the whole question of preserving fishing and every other sport. The idea that any of the natural products of the earth and the rivers should be reserved for the benefit of a few who were able and willing to pay for their enjoyment in hard cash seemed to him a scandal that should not be allowed to exist.

A few more week-end experiences of this sort, and my friend would one day return to London, I felt sure, a full-fledged, red-tie, red-flag, red-hot Socialist.

From the idealist's point of view, as I tried to convince my friend, there was a great deal to be said for his side of the question. To know that wood and stream and covert and hill and field were all open to every man so that he could take down his gun or his rod and walk out to his pleasure unhindered would indeed be a happy condition, but how long would it all last?

Here we began to agree that in such circumstances the whole earth would be overrun by "sportsmen" good and bad, and in a very short time there would be no fish, flesh, or fowl left to hunt or shoot.

That fishing has nowadays to be paid for in most places is, after all, some sort of a guarantee that there are fish to preserve and fish to be caught, and the payment that is exacted from the sportsman is only a more convenient method of making him take his part in preserving what he values so highly.

What should have surprised my friend was that for so comparatively small a charge he should be permitted to enjoy himself for a whole day so thoroughly. And the very act of preservation tends to draw sportsmen together into clubs and companies, whose aim is to secure the best sport for the best sportsmen, which is only fair and as it should be.

P. MACBEAN.

CHEEK.

The successful Parliamentary candidate for North Lonsdale is a Mr. Haddock. Embittered opponents will probably ascribe his victory to fishy tactics.

* * *

"The Cream Page" is a feature of a weekly paper. We understand that rival editors are jealously on the alert to see that their specials are not "milked."

* * *

THE FAIR UNKNOWN.

[The most regular rinker at Olympia is dainty Mrs. Clouth, who has not missed a session this season.—"London Opinion."]

A fairer dame than Mrs. Clouth
Could not be found from North to South;
But, though, perhaps, it's not our biz.,
We mildly wonder who she is.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill suggests that the Budget should be carried through without the alteration of a comma. The Unionists assert grimly that it wants a full stop.

* * *

"Income and production are by no means identical," says Mr. Arnold White. Amateur authors admit gloomily that this is only too true.

* * *

A contemporary critic says that Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson "is a beautiful picture." We hope he is not ungallant enough to insinuate that Lady Constance is painted.

* * *

THE PASSING SHOW.

[The most effective modern advertisement, we are told, is the employment of comely "sandwich-girls."]

Sandwich-girls are a novelty, shrewd folk aver,
And will rivet your gaze once you've seen them;
But the craze will not last, for all women prefer
To appear *on* the boards, not between them.

* * *

A weekly paper describes a collection of informative items, for which it is famous, by the title of "Our Mixture." It is only a medium mixture, by the way.

* * *

Repeated allusions in the newspapers to the popularity of roller-skating among actors and actresses suggest the latest theatrical conundrum:

Q.: What does Mabel Love?

A.: To see George Dance—on the rink.

* * *

When you envy the rapid success of another, try to find out the price he paid for it.

* * *

In his latest production, Mr. Lewis Waller plays the part of a financial magnate. In this character he is likely to attract even more than ever.

J. S. COX.

POINTS ABOUT PIPES.

HOW TO CHOOSE A REALLY GOOD BRIAR.

It is a strange but true fact that although thousands and thousands of men in England smoke pipes and derive intense enjoyment from it, only the minutest proportion of them know how to choose a perfect pipe.

Now, dear reader, in my mind's eye, I can see you starting up from your chair and flinging this unworthy article across the room for daring to suggest that you don't know all about the selection of pipes; but, possibly, you'll cool down when I tell you that the art of faking cheap pipes has been raised lately to such a pitch of excellence that the most careful buyer is deceived sometimes.

I have this on no less authority than the testimony of Messrs. Bewlay, with a member of which well-known firm I recently had a chat on the absorbing subject of choosing briar pipes.

In the first place, I was informed, the great thing to strive for is a piece of sound wood, free from flaws or marks.

What is a mark? Well, it is a little "pore," so minute as to be practically indistinguishable to the naked eye, which always expands when the pipe gets hot, allowing the nicotine to ooze through.

Another good tip is to take a pipe in your hand by the mouthpiece, and weigh it gently between your forefinger and thumb. This is a fair test—though not always an infallible one—of age and seasoning in the wood. Inferior pipes are only green wood stained and varnished; whereas the bowls of good pipes are cut from wood which has been seasoning by exposure to the air for some few years, and the greener a piece of wood is the heavier it weighs.

When you are buying a new pipe, remember, too, that a lot depends on the bore. In a good pipe the bore must be wide and even all through—that is, polished inside with no rough edges. If you have imperfections in the inside of the stem of a pipe, every particle of dirt and clotted nicotine sticks to them and stubbornly refuses to yield to pipe-cleaners of any variety.

Possibly you have wondered at times why you always manage to bite the vulcanite mouthpiece of your pipes clean through in about a fortnight. This is because you buy pipes which are fitted with mouthpieces of "cast" or moulded vulcanite, made from the filings, sweepings, and cuttings left over from the hand-cut vulcanite used for good pipes.

The great secret of securing a really good pipe may be summed up in a few words. Go to a firm of long standing and repute, such as that I have mentioned, and instead of paying a shilling or less for a pipe, pay four or five shillings for one. You will find it an economy in the end, as you will see when you learn that before even a tool touches a good piece of seasoned and sound briar that wood is worth about one and ninepence, and that the average hand-cut vulcanite mouthpiece costs about two shillings.

P. J. CORLEY.

SPORTING MISHAPS

SOME HINTS ON ATTENDING TO ACCIDENTS IN THE DIFFERENT FIELDS OF SPORT.

That most of our finest national sports possess an element of risk is an indisputable fact. Indeed, the majority largely owe the great popularity they have gained to the manly spirit which is inculcated by their more or less dangerous character.

But though we know that every true sportsman has an entire disregard for any dangers that may appertain specially to his favourite game or sport, it is, of course, most desirable that he should possess some knowledge of how to act in the event of an accident in the field. We all know that every man is discouraged from learning to row or scull before he has learned to swim; and it is in something like the same spirit that the present writer is setting down the following important points to remember, in the case of the particular dangers of individual sports.

A BROKEN JAW.

First of all, let us take boxing. Though serious accidents are of very infrequent occurrence in this case, still, a powerful blow on the lower jaw will sometimes break the bone, even though it is delivered with a well-padded glove. The injured man, in such cases, always suffers intense pain, and the first thing that should be done to relieve him is to tie a folded handkerchief with the broad centrepiece beneath the jaw, and the ends lightly knotted over the crown of his head. In this way the upper jaw will be made to act as a sort of splint, and will keep the fractured bone in place until it can receive more skilled attention.

Football is responsible for a good many accidents, especially the Rugby game, and the most common injury is, without doubt, a severe bruise on the muscles of the front of the thigh. It is not often that such a bruise will be so bad as to incapacitate a man from continuing the game, but it sometimes happens that he requires immediate assistance.

CURING A BRUISE.

This should take the form of applications of water, as cold as possible, in order to contract the blood vessels, and so lessen the loss of blood internally. If some spirit, such as brandy or methylated spirit, is at hand to mix with the water so much the better, as the sensation of cold is increased by evaporation.

Cyclists, when called upon to make a tourniquet in the case of lacerations resulting from a fall, should not forget that the inner tubing of a pneumatic tyre makes a splendid elastic band for such a purpose.

Now we come to the game of cricket. Here, practically every accident is due to the ball. For instance, the batsman and the wicket-keeper run a special risk of a blow on the head. If insensibility should result from such a knock, even for the shortest space of time, it is a sign that the accident is dangerous. The injured man should at once be put at full length on his back, forbidden to talk if he is conscious, and his clothing loosened. Then, when a stretcher has been procured, he should be removed on it as carefully as possible.

HOW TO CARRY A STRETCHER.

A great point to remember, if you are helping to carry a stretcher, is always to walk *out of step* with your fellow-helper, as you thus avoid swinging the stretcher from side to side. Take short strides, and lift your feet as little as possible from the ground.

In angling, the most common accident is the catching of a hook in the flesh, generally of the hand. It is a very bad mistake to try to pull the barb straight out. The point should be pushed right through the flesh. The barb can then be cut off and the hook easily removed.

Hunting men will know how common an occurrence is a broken collar-bone. It is generally

the result of a fall on the outstretched hand. A pad should be placed under the arm-pit, and the arm bound to the side.

To bind a temporary splint, harness-straps are often of great service, and hunting crops will sometimes do for short splints for a broken limb. Two or three girths can be used as a stretcher by stretching them across a wooden frame.

TENNIS AILMENTS.

Men who play lawn tennis without first getting into suitable training will often fall a prey to the "tennis elbow" and "tennis leg." These cheerful complaints are most common at the beginning of the season, when players are out of form.

The first-named is due to violent back-handed strokes when the muscles are out of training, and takes the form of painful inflammation and swelling. The only thing to do here has rather an Irish smack. It is to do nothing with the arm until it recovers.

Sometimes, while running, a lawn tennis player will experience a feeling as of a violent blow in the back of the leg so acute as to make him fall. This is the first sign of an attack of "tennis leg." The only thing to do, prior to inspection by a doctor, is to refrain from standing on the injured leg. "Tennis leg" is brought on by the rupture of certain muscle fibres in the calf.

THE DOG-BITE FALLACY.

One great fallacy common to the average man is that dog bites are poisonous, and that the wound should be cauterised. If the dog is healthy, there is no danger whatever, and the bite, if kept clean and bathed now and then with some antiseptic lotion, will heal very quickly. Cauterising, too, is to be condemned in most cases, as, besides being unnecessary, it always leaves an unsightly scar.

Finally, the element of danger in sport is, in a way, a blessing, as it assists materially to develop the senses of hand, ear, and eye, which are quickened by the instinct of self-preservation.

MARTIN C. DALE.

"WHY DO MEN DISLIKE DOCTORS?"

It is a strange but true fact that the average man has a rooted objection to being attended by a doctor. Why this is so is hard to understand. Of course, it is not that we have any dislike for doctors as men. Doctors are in most cases the jolliest companions. But if we fall ill, and a solicitous mother or a sympathetic landlady ventures timidly to suggest that a medical man should be summoned, our instantaneous shout of "No!" makes the rafters ring again.

Perhaps the most probable reason is that the average healthy man hates to think that he is ill, and that, on this account, the "And how are we to-day?" the "Put your tongue out," and the clasp of cool, disinfected fingers round our pulse is distasteful as a general rule.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

EIGHTH LESSON.

In the fifteenth hit, we have another example of ducking.

It is well to contrast all hits that somewhat resemble one another, and in this case I should like you to turn up the sixth hit and see the difference between it and the one I am about to explain.

In the fifteenth hit, he leads off with his left. You step smartly forward and slightly to your own right, so that his glove passes over your left shoulder. At the same instant, deliver a left-hand body blow on his waist-line, keeping your knuckles uppermost.

XV.—Duck and body blow.

Ducking is a thing that can scarcely be taught, for it seems to be almost a gift. I have known pupils who have been good at all other hits, but who have never been able to duck neatly and cleverly.

The great thing is to duck just as slightly as will serve your purpose. The illustration to the fifteenth hit is a good one, and shows exactly how the ducking should be done.

You will observe that the man who is ducking has not bent down further than was just necessary to clear his shoulder from the blow of his adversary, and has stepped no farther to his right than was necessary to clear his face from the same blow.

In ducking be careful that you do not close your eyes. Many men who are otherwise good boxers make the fatal mistake of ducking blindly. When they see a blow coming they shut their eyes, bob down, and trust to luck for getting on a counter.

In ducking, as at all times in boxing, you should never take your eyes off your opponent's eyes. Don't look at his body even when you are hitting him on the body. Keep your eyes fixed on his, for that is the only way in which you can guess his intentions.

In the sixteenth hit you duck exactly as in the last one, but this time you counter him on the mouth with your left.

In bringing this off, as in all other face hits, keep the thumb uppermost. In naked-fist fighting it would be your back knuckles that would come in contact with his face.

XVI.—Duck and face hit.

I have been asked by several correspondents as to the best exercise for strengthening the muscles used in boxing.

There is a muscle at the back of the arm called the triceps, and sometimes known as the boxer's muscle. It is this muscle that enables you to put on a hard hit, and the best exercise I know for developing it is that in which you lie face downwards on the floor, supporting your body on your hands and raise yourself up and down by straightening and bending your arms alternately.

Ball-punching is a very good exercise for the boxer, as it teaches him speed. Bag-punching is equally useful, as in hitting a large sack filled with paper and hung from the roof the boxer learns to put on a staggering blow.

Running and dancing are also very good, as they teach you agility and rapid movement.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE HERITAGE

By HOUGHTON GERRARD.

I.

Now, a young man may inherit many things in this world quite as desirable as money is when properly used, and equally as undesirable as money is when improperly used.

Somewhere in the provinces, in a little town where each man knew his neighbour's affairs far better than his own, there lived a Mr. Tarleton Bastable. And, as he "toiled not, neither did he spin," he should have thanked a merciful providence for his brothers, who, having made a better use of their money and chances, allowed him a respectable, if not a large, income whereby he lived in peace and reigned as "the classiest man in Peregrine Avenue." Thus was he styled by the neighbours, many of whom were prone flippantly to remark that he "had been a rare toff in his time."

Mr. Tarleton Bastable had as his companion an alleged fox-terrier of questionable ancestry. At nights the dog occupied the chair opposite Mr. Bastable, a chair that had been vacant many years.

Of his family there remained Clement Bastable —"Clem" of happier days—but a man grown now. Mr. Bastable had not seen this boy of his since a memorable day when a tin trunk containing the worldly possessions of Clement stood in the little hall, and "Mr." Clement Bastable—"Master" no longer—was going forth to fight the battle of life, lacking the weapon which money and influence had afforded his father.

But on Monday mornings the postman had always a letter for Mr. Bastable addressed in the same style of writing, varying only from a youthful inclination for firm up and down strokes to a certain precision that showed the confidence of increasing age. The letters were quite as bald and uninteresting as the missives of the majority of sons to the majority of fathers. Strangely enough, a father is usually the one man in the world to whom a boy may not speak "straight."

Teddy, the fox-terrier, was the confidential friend of Mr. Bastable. A man who looks well despite his forty odd years, and is honoured with the local brevet-rank of "Colonel," must talk to someone or something.

"And hang it, sir!" as Mr. Bastable frequently observed, "Teddy's the best pal I ever had. Clever as they make 'em, sir—but he can't play cards, and the only time he was ever on a racecourse he got kicked off by the official starter! And a dog is about the only sort of pal that's *safe* in these days!"

Teddy was certainly a good listener. Clem's letters would have bored most of Mr. Bastable's friends. Teddy usually sat in the chair opposite and listened with one ear cocked. One morning, however, there was something really interesting in Clem's letter. The "Colonel" almost shouted the sentences out, and Teddy added to the general confusion by barking and jumping about upon the seat of the chair opposite instead of calmly assuming his usual pose.

Mr. Bastable read out the letter, jerkily, once more.

"'I had been working hard, letting the other fools spend.' (Good gad! a son of 'Extravagant Bastable' *saving money!*) 'While they were chucking away their spare cash on horse-racing and other things I was content to let them laugh. I gave *my* little lot a bigger chance in a lump sum. It was a diamond mine that turned out trumps. I sold out when I dared wait no longer and, reserving my original capital, I invested the rest in copper shares at par. To-day they are worth three times the amount' . . . (Good gad! What a turn in the family luck!) . . . 'I haven't seen you for years' . . . (You haven't Clem.) . . . 'I remember you telling me of your old days "up west." I thought you might like to see all the old haunts again—the names of which are quite as familiar in my mouth now as they were in yours.' (The boy used to sit in the chair opposite and listen to my tales of the good old days. Good boy! Good boy!) 'So I thought that if you caught a train to town some time to-morrow afternoon, I could meet you at half-past eight outside the "Empire" in Leicester Square.'"

Mr. Bastable went on to read the material arrangements in the programme mapped out by his son. Leicester Square! Mr. Bastable straightened himself and looked into the glass above the mantelpiece. The grey by the side of his temples did but improve him after all—and a man is in the prime of life at forty! . . . His moustache was *à la militaire*, and not all the changes of his life had made his face in any way compare with the shabby gentility of his clothes. Upstairs, there was his evening dress suit, a relic of former days. . . . Now, the jobbing tailor round the corner could see to *that*.

"By gad, Teddy," said the "Colonel" as he applied the clothes-brush to his coat-lapel, "there's life in the old dog yet! Now I *thought* that boy would do something smart one day! Ah, Teddy—with all due respect to yourself as a mongrel—it's blood that tells, and the sire—the sire, mind you, Teddy—sets the strain. It's Clem's heritage, Teddy, his heritage!"

That morning Mr. Bastable went about the house whistling a gay air that had found favour in his "time." He had yelled it out from the top of Epsom- or Ascot-bound coaches. He had rolled down the Haymarket at 3 a.m., or thereabouts, carolling it with other roysterers to the representative of the Metropolitan Police—an unappreciative audience. He had sang the song at the smokers of a "sporting" club with great success.

"Pretty lips—sweeter than—cherry or plum,
Always look jolly and—never look glum."

Mr. Bastable usually went out for his matutinal bottle of beer at 11.30 a.m. precisely. The neighbours noticed that on this particular morning his gate clanged at 11.20, and he was bearing a parcel! Was he reduced to the pawnshop at last?

The establishment of the jobbing tailor was just ten minutes out of Mr. Bastable's ordered way.

Arrived there, Mr. Bastable tossed the parcel across to the little man who sewed on the bench.

"Press this up for me, Monk, will you?" he said.

The spectacled Monk opened the parcel.

"Next week'll do, I suppose, sir?" he said, as he surveyed, with no little surprise, Mr. Bastable's evening dress suit.

"No—*must* have it to-night! Ah! I'm—ah—going to Town to-morrow!"

With an important flourish of his cane, Mr. Bastable walked out.

"Wonder where he's gettin' the fare from?" Mr. Monk mused.

II.

His black overcoat was a little worn certainly, but its West-End cut was still apparent. Out of Clement's generous remittance, Mr. Bastable had found ample to buy a white silk wrapper and still leave a pleasing jingle to accompany his heavy footsteps. He had dismissed his cab outside the shop where he had made the purchase. As he passed a club of which he had once been an honoured member, he waved his stick to a man who was reading by the smoking-room's great window. The man stared at him, but made no sign of recognition.

"Fancy Tankervale not knowing me," said Mr. Bastable to himself, as he walked on with upright bearing. After a time he began to wonder why he did not feel annoyed, somehow. Then his latter-day musings came back to him. He had had plenty of time for thought, and had come to certain philosophical conclusions. One of them was to the effect that his old friend Tankervale was something of a weak character after all, a loose-liver, no real sportsman in the true sense of the term.

Now his wish to talk to Tankervale or any of the "old lot" was so slight that he did not even trouble to mount the steps of the club and send for the fellow! Somehow, Mr. Bastable felt quite annoyed with himself. The old sights, the familiar smells awakened no warm feeling in his breast. He realised that the "dear old days" were naught to him now but a visionary myth.

"Good gad, Bastable," he said to himself, "don't tell me you're getting rusty."

But the inner Bastable responded not. The material inner Bastable, as a matter of fact, had rather objected to the restaurant dinner which he had had in place of the homely little meal as served at Peregrine Avenue by the aged cook-general-housekeeper.

He reached the broad pavement of Leicester Square at 8.30 precisely, and oblivious of the hustling theatre-going throng, he stood and waited, steadfastly keeping his eyes fixed upon the signs that wrote red, blue, and white advertisements against the black velvet of the sky.

A woman spoke to him in the manner of address adopted by her class. He looked at her rather anxiously. It was the sort of thing he had not encountered for some years. After the woman had mistaken his glance for encouragement, Mr. Bastable found the sky-signs more interesting still.

At length a motor-car drew up outside the Empire—a blue palpitating glory with gorgeous hooded lamps, that shot lengthy search-light beams along the pavement edge.

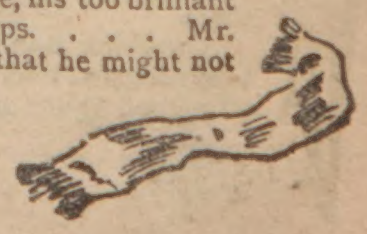
Four young men, immaculately dressed, got out of the tonneau.

"Well, I must say 'ta, ta' to you fellows for the present," said one. "I've to meet my old guv'nor here. He's coming up from the country, and he may be looking a bit of a backwoodsman, so that I don't suppose I shall have much difficulty in spotting him. Decent old chap. I'll introduce you to him later."

"Clem, you're a blighter!" said the owner of the car, as he dismissed the vehicle. "Thought you were going to finish up at the club, or Vincey is all for a little bust-up round at his flat."

"Not a bust up—convivial evening, sportiboy," Mr. Vincey observed, languidly. "'Wish you wouldn't Whitechapel your English so much, Evan. Anyway, Clem will see his guv'nor safely between the sheets at a respectable hotel, I presume, before twelve. So you can hunt us up after, can't you, Clem?"

They had strolled across to the "Empire" steps. Almost mechanically, Mr. Bastable had stuck to that group in the crowd. Something made him wait a little before addressing his son . . . his son whose bearing spoke of a different Clement Bastable—*now* a Bastable who had come into his heritage indeed! And the fruits of that heritage showed in his puffed face, his too brilliant eyes, his distasteful reddish lips. . . . Mr. Bastable suddenly remembered that he might not



be easily recognisable, and he was *glad!*

"Hunt you up after?" said Clement, as he threw away his cigarette—his words broke upon Mr. Bastable's thoughts. "Oh dear, no, I shall bring the old dad with me. You'll find him quite a sport. Why, I used to sit opposite him down at a little place we rent in the country"—Mr. Bastable flushed—"and he would go on yarning for hours about the sporting times he'd had in Town. Still I think he went it rather, and—er—got done in by the Jews, y'know——"

"Broke—but with pleasant memories," Mr. Vincey observed *sotto voce*. "It comes to the cleverest of us sometimes, Clem."

"Don't prophesy evil, hang you, Vincey! . . . Well, I'll say good-night to you chaps *pro tem.* I'll see you knocking around in one of the bars and I'll introduce my guv'nor. You may find him a bit of a backwoodsman, but you'll see he's quite gay, and not at all a bad sport—as fathers go. I'll bring him up."

"*Do!* We like sports. Ta, ta, Clem."

"Au Revoir!"

Clement Bastable regarded the yellow-lit sea of faces, grave and gay, of those that passed by.

Almost by his elbow a middle-aged gentleman turned up his coat-collar and sought to hide as much of his face as possible in the folds of his new silk muffler—to avoid attracting attention, perhaps it was, the better to pass the steps with the stream of the crowd.

He made the dive. The jostle of the theatre-goers sent him right up to the threshold of the "Empire." Mr. Bastable realised vaguely that he was not so young as he had been.

Then the heavy hand of the young man upon the steps fell upon his shoulder.

"Hallo—er—father!" he said uncertainly.

"I think you have made a mistake, sir," said Mr. Bastable, as he hurried on.

He heard his son's courtly "I beg your pardon!" ringing in his ears as he made for the Wardour Street corner.

* * * * * * *

Subsequently, in the train which was speeding him back to the mediocre quietude of a provincial town, and the companionship of a questionable but faithful Teddy, "Extravagant Bastable"—worthy of his title no longer—mourned a little for that son of his who had indeed come into the heritage of his breed, which was his to squander in his own way, and none might stay him.

But Mr. Bastable had not realised until that evening that *his* own heritage in the bank of futile youthful pleasure was an account completely overdrawn.

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN SCORES.

Some people are apt to sneer at the man who takes pride in his own appearance, and to stigmatise him as a "fop," but those people are lacking in common sense.

For the well-dressed man scores all along the line over "careless dressers" in whatever he takes up. It stands to reason that an employer, if he is considering which of his employés he shall promote to any vacant position of importance, will decide in favour of the man who looks after his appearance, for it is a fairly natural, if not entirely logical, argument that a man who is careless of his own dress will be equally careless of the interests of others. And that a well turned-out man has an immense advantage over his slovenly rivals in gaining the favour of the fickle fair is one of the baldest platitudes.

Yes; it is indubitable that the well-dressed man scores heavily. But a great point that is often forgotten is that "well-dressed" does not of necessity mean dressed in brand-new clothes. Many and many a man who can only afford two suits in a year—one for the summer and one for the winter—is always well dressed, for the reason that his clothes are always well brushed, his boots resplendently glossy, and his collars and cuffs as white as—well, as white as the laundry can make them.

A working-man can be well dressed provided he keeps himself trim and tidy; working clothes set off a good figure uncommonly well.

SIX-TO-FOUR THE FEE-ALD!

A RACECOURSE "BOOKIE'S" CLERK DESCRIBES HIS LIFE AND TELLS SOME STORIES.

"Paper! Fourth 'Star' or 'News'! All the runners and betting! Paper!"

How clearly I call to mind the days some years ago when I used to stand at the corner of the Haymarket and Coventry Street, with a little bundle of papers under my arm and a fluttering contents bill in one of my hands, selling early racing editions. Long usage had enabled me to cry out my formula without any mental concentration whatever; and between the intervals of handing out papers and putting the halfpennies into my tattered waistcoat pocket, I remember, I used to wonder whether that was to be my means of livelihood until the end of my days. I sincerely hoped that I should find an opportunity in some other walk of life; and so, at last, it turned out.

A START.

One day, one of my customers, whom I knew to be a bookmaker in a fair way of business, asked me if I wanted to earn more money, which, of course, I did. So he gave me the job of collecting his street bets. That is, that his "clients," under the pretence of buying papers, used to pass "slips" and money into my hand; and these I duly delivered to my employer later on in the day. I did this for a long time, until my master decided to become a racecourse "bookie" in the "silver ring," and took me on as his clerk. So behold me in a resplendent check suit, bought for me by my employer, and a natty bowler hat, with one of our cards stuck in the band, shouting the odds, and making a note as fast as I could of the bookmaker's bets, in copying pencil in a large ledger.

It has always been my proud boast that never once have I yielded to the many temptations that assail the bookmaker's clerk. To the best of my ability I have always striven to keep straight; and at the booking-offices at the big stations which feed the racecourses all over the country I have always been able to gaze unflinchingly in the face of the officials, employed by the racing stewards to "warn off" all known "crooks" or suspicious persons.

FRAUD.

This is one way in which a racecourse bookie's clerk may defraud him. I know a man who practised it to a very profitable extent before he was detected and sent to a lengthy period of imprisonment. As you know, when the bookmaker takes a bet, he hands a card to the "client," and then calls out the number of the card and the amount of the bet to his clerk, who books it. Thus, perhaps, he will say something like this:

"Fifty bob to a quid, Highflyer, 703, Bill."

Well, what the man I am speaking of did was to work with various confederates, who made bets with his master; but instead of booking those actual bets, the clerk simply put down the number of the card and the amount of the bet, inserting, when he knew the result of the race, the name of the winner and the starting-price. Thus the confederates were enabled to stroll up jauntily and claim to have backed the winner; and on consulting his book, the knight of the pencil would pay out. Of course, afterwards, the clerk and the fraudulent "clients" would share the proceeds.

But it is not only clerks who are crooked. The masters are often tarred with an even blacker brush. For instance, I remember, on one occasion, a bookmaker went to a well-known meeting with a very depleted satchel indeed. He was on his last legs, and resolved to make money by fair means or foul. Well, just before a big race, a youngster, with M U G written all over him, came up and said timidly:

"I want to put two pounds on X—— at twenty to one."

BLUFF.

Gleefully the metallician booked it, though he knew that he could not pay £40 if the horse won. And win it did. Back came the youngster to draw his money; and, with perspiration pouring off him, the bookie tried a desperate bluff.

"But, my dear sir," he said, derisively, "your horse hasn't won." A shade of doubt passed over the greenhorn's face, but he pointed to the board bearing the numbers of the first three horses. The bookie burst into a roar of laughter.

"Good Lord, man," he said, "those are the runners for the next race!"

And, shamefacedly muttering apologies, the youth crept away!

But on the other hand I saw a clever bookie very smartly "taken down" once.

He was shouting the odds about a race, when a foxy-looking customer came up and asked.

"What's the price about Bunny Rabbit?"

"5 to 2," was the answer.

"Make it 3 to 1."—"No 5 to 2 is the price."—"Make it 3 to 1" urged the other, "and"—persuasively—"*I'll tell you somethin'.*"

"All right," answered the bookie, "3 to 1 to *you*"; and the bet was booked.

"Now then," said the penciller, "what have you got to tell me?" "It's a 5 to 4 chance!" said the foxy man, and moved away happily.

ARRESTED.

I saw a sensational arrest effected at a popular racecourse near London a few years ago. No doubt many of your racing readers will remember it, too. A wealthy stockbroker was robbed in the City of a wallet containing bank-notes to the value of some hundreds of pounds. He accordingly informed Scotland Yard. Now, a favourite way of passing stolen bank-notes is to go to a race-course, have a few small bets on with different bookies, and tender the notes to be changed. Well, a detective, knowing that there was a big meeting on that day, went to the course and warned all the bookmakers to look out for bank-notes bearing certain numbers, with the result that the thief and various confederates were ultimately arrested.

J. D. L. LAYTON.

IDEAS.

This is the age of ideas. In Fleet Street even the thudding of the mighty presses is drowned by the ceaseless clicking of hundreds of busy journalistic brains engaged in the evolution of "ideas"; while in the City, bulbous-headed gentlemen with patent "Leakeezi" fountain-pens spend strenuous hours seeking for them. We are told that it is the man with "ideas" who gets to the top. But despite their great importance, ideas are shrouded in mystery. Like "trouserings," they are an enigma. Nobody knows what they are.

But perhaps the truest, and therefore best, definition of the word idea is "something that somebody else has thought of." At any rate, when thinking out an idea one should make perfectly certain that the one selected has previously been well tested. Poor Fred Leslie used to say that he never made any money until he forgot to be original.

The Garden Pond

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE HOBBY.

The man who does not care for gardening may get a good deal of pleasure and interest out of a garden if he goes in for a garden pond.

To make this is by no means a difficult task; it mainly depends on whether you are ambitious and like to have a properly constructed pond while you are about it, or are prepared to do with a makeshift, and also, of course, on the amount of space at your disposal.

MAKING A POND.

A pond can be either a dug out hollow, roughly lined with loose stones, or one which requires a well-sinker's aid. An ordinarily intelligent mason will be able to construct for you a small brick or stone one, and the cost need not be by any means prohibitive. But the enthusiast will prefer to be his own architect and builder, and much will depend on his ingenuity. The great thing is to have the pond as wide round as possible, even if it is not remarkably deep.

The angler will find a pond a decided acquisition, for he can put into it the fish too small for consumption which he catches during a day's sport, and if they are supplied with food they will thrive and grow and provide him with a constant source of interest.

Of course he cannot do this so easily if stringent regulations as to size hold in the locality where he pursues his gentle art and craft, but the enthusiast is notoriously given to taking the law into his own hands in such matters.

Pike will do well if the pond is large, but if not it is advisable to stick to roach and carp and tench.

In some cases trout and in others eels may be kept, for a time at any rate, in a garden pond; eels, of course, require a muddy bottom.

IN FROSTY WEATHER.

In cold weather it must be remembered that if ice forms on a garden pond in which fish are kept it must be broken daily.

In all cases food must be supplied—ants' eggs and smaller fish for the pike, and bread crumbs and small worms for the other fish.

A garden pond scores over an indoor aquarium because of the element of sport with which it can be invested.

A man with a garden fish pond can look upon himself as a fish preserver as well as an angler, and he can get any amount of pleasure out of it.

Gold-fish will thrive in an outdoor pond during the late spring and summer months, and very pretty they look darting about, especially if the pond is also used for growing aquatic plants. As to these, you should give a place to any sort of weed that will grow in water, for, apart from the enhancement of the appearance of the pond, aquatic plants undoubtedly purify the water, and therefore tend to keep your stock of fish in good health.

It is also just as well to get hold of a few water-snails and tadpoles, so that the pond may be as complete as possible.

WATCH THE WATERCRESS.

A little watercress may be grown at the edge of it; but, as this grows rapidly, it requires attention in order to keep it from spreading over the surface to any extent.

Before leaving this part of the subject, it may be remarked that for those who feel disposed to make pets of the denizens of their garden pond, a carp is said to be very intelligent and will live to a good age.

The garden pond, however, can be used for quite another purpose; it may serve as that most fascinating of all kinds of gardening, a water garden.

The depth of water in the pond ought to be about three feet, for it is not possible to grow the most interesting aquatic plants in shallow water.

If the garden pond is a home-made one, the following hints may be of service. Make the bottom of cement and the sides of brick, or get a handy man with some knowledge of mortaring to do the job for you. In fact, it is a capital plan, while you are about it, to make the pond perfectly watertight by cementing the whole of the inside.

When the pond is ready, put in a good thick layer of rich soil; loam is the best for the purpose. When you have turned on the water, your pond is then in a condition to receive the plants.

WATER-LILIES.

The hardy species of water-lily will do very well; the ordinary white one makes a fine show, and so does the yellow variety. Bulrushes also may be grown at the edge of the pond, while forget-me-nots will do well for the outer edge of all.

The best time to plant water-lilies is in the spring.

It must be remembered that they cannot stand overcrowding, so that if the pond is only of moderate size, the plants must be few in number, and in all cases they must be planted far apart.

There is also the water hawthorn, and several other plants that are suitable for cultivating in a garden pond; but the man who takes pride in his water garden can easily find other plants; for instance the arrow-head merits attention at his hands, and various sorts of flags and irises may be grown, if not in the pond, certainly at the margin.

UNDER GLASS.

There is still another sort of water garden, and that is one under glass. With a makeshift sort of greenhouse, provided it is properly heated, the amateur may cultivate the aquatic plants of other lands than ours.

Any sort of a tank will serve his purpose. The wooden tubs that used to be used for brewing and washing in old-fashioned households make fine miniature ponds.

Sprinkle a layer of soil at the bottom—the richer the better—and then plant the water exotics. The best kinds for an indoor water garden are the foreign water-lilies, and these can be cultivated with very little trouble, provided, of course, that the temperature of the water is kept fairly high, and never less than fifty degrees.

R. LYALL.

WORTH TRYING.

It will save you actual hard cash if you use our Readers' Sale and Exchange page when making your next purchase of sporting equipment.

Somebody wants to sell and you want to buy. That page brings you in contact.

EVENING TOIL.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

In the deep valley full daylight was already waning, and that restful sense of release from labour had spread through the farmyard and round about the steading. But high up on the great rounded down there was still much activity.

Beyond the down, nothing but the clear sky of a calm and deeply-coloured sunset could be seen. It might have been the edge of the world, so clear cut and even was its edge against the glowing sky. Only a slight unevenness at the somewhat flattened and lumpy summit broke the line, clearly indicating that many ages ago other men lived hereabouts, making the hill-top their house, farm, and fortress in one.

Half-way up the hillside the only activity in all that subdued and restful landscape was in progress. Shading the eyes with a hand and shutting out the glare, what looked like an even brown expanse of ploughed earth resolved itself into an agitated mass of sheep. Flocks and hurdles seemed inconsequently intermingled, and the incessant movement of the animals gave an impression not unlike some sea of waters that are never still.

Lying a few yards from the only break in the line of hurdles was a great shaggy dog, whose eyes, while seeing everything, were themselves unseen beneath the long rat-tails of hair that gave the whole head the appearance of a ragged ball. Not a sheep dared to pass through the gap in the hurdles while he lay there on guard.

A few yards lower down the slope the last work of the day was going forward silently. An ugly wooden box-like erection to which was attached a big wheel was being worked incessantly as if against time, by a striking figure of a man. Against the now-fading glow he seemed a regular giant whose limbs were made for mighty deeds.

Listening from the lower levels, it was easy to tell what was going forward. He was cutting up the succulent roots for the night food of the sheep, now heavy with young, and at each lusty turn the delicious sound of the slicing of the juicy mangolds came down the hillside.

Following his work carefully, the watcher wondered that he never stopped to replenish the supply of roots in the box-like machine, for he appeared to have no helper.

Then suddenly, as if rising out of the earth, a second figure arose. Raising his arms above his head, his slouch hat in one hand, this second man indulged in such a straightening stretch, and with such obvious gusto and pleasure, that one was almost inclined to follow his example from the sheer infectiousness of his enjoyment.

At the same time he sang out a loud round yawn. But work was not yet over, and, replacing his hat, he bent towards the earth and was lost in the shadow again, as he gathered the roots and heaved them up into the cutting-box. For some minutes work went on in the gathering gloom, until the great two-handled basket below the machine was over-filled with the yellow slicings.

Then the sound of the cutting ceased, and the two men, each taking a handle, walked into the midst of the penned sheep distributing the food.

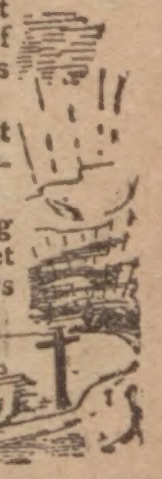
To and fro amid the bleating mass they walked from trough to trough until there was none left. Full night had settled over the great down as they closed the pen, driving the hurdle into its socket with hard, clenched fists. No sound reached the watcher, and the toilers walking slowly from the scene of their work were lost in the darkness.

What way they took it was impossible to tell, but that they had gone was certain, for only when all human life has left the slopes of the great down does there come to it that atmosphere of silent dignity that seems to be almost a conscious expression of its past.

It is least lonely when left alone, and almost resents the presence even of two stolid countrymen busied with the oldest of all human works.

But even this is something new, something recent, an irruption upon the down whose quiet slopes have faced uncounted epochs of earth's long life.

C. EASTON GREY.



OUR READERS OPINIONS

TYPES OF SMOKERS.

Just as there are different and distinct types of boxers, or skaters, or dancers, so are the types of smokers many and varied.

As you sit over your fire, pulling meditatively at your pipe, cast your thoughts over the various men you know, and ask yourself whether their manner of enjoying tobacco is not different in each case.

For instance, there is the man who never knocks out his pipe thoroughly. He always leaves a certain residue of soddened tobacco at the bottom of the bowl; so that when he gets his pipe "well under way" you always hear a sound like a kettle singing. Sometimes the sound is rather cheery—but more often it is intensely irritating.

A rather uncomfortable type of smoker is the man whose one pleasure in life is colouring meerschaums. He always wears kid gloves, fills his pipe with almost pettifogging precision, lights it in the same way, and smokes with monotonously even puffs which soon become strangely irritating. So intent is he on his hobby, too, that he cannot take in what is being said to him, so that he is anything but a pleasant companion when he is smoking.

There is a fairly well-known writer for boys who gets on the nerves of his fellow-scribes very badly. He smokes cigarettes which he makes himself, and carries about a little tin box in which he saves his "fag-ends" until he has enough for another cigarette.

BANKING ACCOUNTS.

There is something subtly humorous in the sudden acquisition of a previously unwonted possession, especially if it is a banking account. Most men, unless they are abnormally level-headed, fall a prey at first to a wild exhilaration. The thought that all they have to do, if they want to "stand the boys a dinner" or take to a theatre the only girl that counts, is to scrawl a few words on a piece of stamped paper and pass it over a counter fills them with elation. And they fill up form after form with an unflagging enthusiasm, rejoicing in the deferential demeanour of the bank cashier as he shovels the money over to them.

But when, at last, a day dawns when that worthy takes them aside and informs them that they are in the bank's debt to the extent of, say, four or five pounds, they wake up to the distasteful truth that a banking account is not always an unmixed blessing.

TRAINING A MOUSTACHE.

"To shave or not to shave" is always the problem that confronts us when, at the age of about nineteen or twenty, a fluffy growth begins to put in a timid appearance on our upper lip.

Our own impulse is to shave it off at once; but interested relations warn us that if we do, the hair will grow bristly, like a tooth-brush. So we persevere with it, and find that it has a tendency to trail down towards our chin at the corners of the mouth, thus giving us a mildly Celestial appearance.

This is particularly unalluring; and the thing to do in such a case is to get a tube of moustache wax, and, with the very smallest quantity imaginable, twist up the ends of the "face fungus." At first a tiny spike standing up on each side of the face will look rather ridiculous, but in a few weeks the moustache will grow stronger, for most "waxes" are by way of being "fertilisers" as well.

But if the moustache is shaved off from the outset, here is a good tip to remember. It is a strange fact that the hair, once it has been shaved, hardly ever grows again to a uniform length; so that after the moustache has been allowed to grow for five or six weeks it should be clipped even with the lips, otherwise it will look very ragged.

TO CLEAN RUSTY ARTICLES.

Steel articles have a nasty habit of getting rusty, and there is nothing that so speedily goes from bad to worse if neglected as things made of steel.

Prevention is better than cure, and if the bits or spurs or what not are kept clean, polished, and greased, half the labour is saved.

However, should rust make its appearance the following mixture is far better than bath-brick and oil. Get 1lb. of lard, warm it and dissolve ½oz. of camphor in it. Cover the article with a liberal dose, let it get dry, and then rub it off with a bit of soft rag or a piece of old sponge, and polish with a chamois leather or an old doeskin glove.

An old sword or bayonet which has become rusty may be made bright and serviceable again. Use a mixture of powdered emery and any common oil. Apply it all over the article, wipe it off again with a bit of sponge, and polish with a soft leather or duster.

BICYCLE BRAKES.

The variety in cycle brakes is bewildering. From the cheap but efficient front rim-brake to the expensive tri-coaster there is a host, including back-pedalling, two-coaster, band brakes, inverted back and front brakes, and the well-known "Bowden." For the assistance of the readers of THE MODERN MAN who contemplate purchasing a new machine for this season, I shall endeavour to explain the different varieties to be had and the advantages of each.

First as to the cheap front brake, do not on any account accept this brake if you are paying a reasonable price for your mount. If it is a cheaply got-up affair, then it is all right, but if you are paying about £9 or more for it, then insist on getting a better article.

And here I may say that if you cannot afford this sum, you will get far more satisfaction and fewer repairs and fewer punctures if you wait till you can do so. To buy one of these cheap machines sold at an extra low price is only to court trouble. A well-known cycle-buying proverb says, "Increase the cost by half, and you decrease the repairs by half."

The other front brake most commonly used is the inverted lever. This is fitted to the handle-bars in the same way as most back ones are done, and is generally worked by a cable, on the Bowden system. This is a much better brake than the one worked by rods.

There are a great number of rear brakes on the market, but the best of these, to the average rider, is probably a back-pedalling one. I refer to those contained in the back-wheel hub.

There was a "band-brake" on the market for some years; this had a wheel of about seven inches diameter, round which revolved a leather belt, or band. When this brake was used on long or steep hills, the friction caused so much heat that the strap of leather was often burned. This brake was still on the market last season, but the demand was so small that I hardly expect it to survive this year.

The back Bowden is one of the best rear brakes that one could have. It was, if not the first, then one of the first rim brakes to make its appearance in this country, when the free-wheel was introduced; at this stage in the history of the bicycle it was absolutely necessary to have some new brake, the old "spoon" being entirely inadequate.

If you decide on this brake, then be sure to get the original horse-shoe at the back, and not the newer and cheaper shape, more in the form of a rectangle. There are so many imitations of this brake that one has to guard against substitutes.

The "Eadie" and the "New Departure" brakes are equally good, and for the ordinary rider they are the best that can be had. The older types of both these makes had the disadvantage that when you wheeled the machine backwards the brake was applied. In recent years, however, this inconvenience has been removed, and now one can wheel a bicycle fitted with either of these popular brakes backwards just as easily as one fitted with an ordinary rim-brake.

If you intend to do tricks on your cycle, or play polo or football on it, then you will find that a rear hand-brake will suit you better, as you can reverse the pedals, and so get up speed more quickly. It is impossible to reverse the pedals with a back-pedalling brake in this way.

The terms, most bewildering to the novice, "tri-coaster," "two-coaster," are merely a combination of a three-speed gear and a New Departure brake, and a combination of a two-speed gear and a New Departure brake. These and other speed gears are well worth the extra cost, if you can afford it.

WHAT DO MEN TALK ABOUT?

What do men talk about among themselves? This is a question which a great many people would answer wrongly.

In the ordinary way the fair sex flatter themselves that the perennial topic among men is "Woman and Wine"; but this is not so.

At any rate, the trousered bipeds who make the two W.'s their common subject can hardly be classed as men, in the true sense.

What sane-minded men talk about, in the ordinary way, is sport and the burning questions that deal with their country's welfare.

A GIFT FOR A PAL.

If a pal has a liking for natural curios, the following makes an acceptable gift and is also a handsome adjunct to his den.

Get a small pair of bullock's horns—a butcher will probably be able to supply you, or, if you cannot get these, ram's horns will do. Then make a small wooden shield of either mahogany or dark oak, and by means of screws fasten the horns on to the shield.

Polish the mahogany, or fume the oak, if you have chosen the latter. A little powdered shellac dissolved in spirits will give a polish to the horns, and then you have a present at once uncommon and useful, for it can be used to hang things on, the points of the horn serving as hooks for hat and racquet, or boxing-gloves, or riding whip, or anything else.

If other horns are desired, they can be got at a naturalist's, but they are more expensive than those of domestic animals such as have been suggested.

If the mounting on a shield is considered too much trouble, the pair of horns can be hung up by means of a small piece of chain on a couple of strong nails. The horns themselves can also be varnished.

PARAGRAPHS WANTED.

This page is reserved for paragraphs from our readers. They must have a bit of dash and appeal to *men*.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates, if your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. W. A. Martin, 35, Rhannan Road, Cathcart, Renfrewshire, N.B., for "Bicycle Brakes."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S STYLE

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

But once in a while we can finish in style,
Which I 'ope it won't 'appen to me.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

It was the very smallest of affairs. The daily papers afforded it space only to the extent of a quarter of a column, seeing that it had happened some little time previously, and the news had only just drifted through by way of a not particularly reliable channel. Omitting the tenets of Addisonian English, one might have termed it, in the spirit of this age, "a little dust-up."

Somewhere south of the Afghanistan borders, a handful of tribesmen had fallen upon our outlying station—so it was "rumoured"—and, as the papers put it, "the occupants of the station capitulated after firing but a few shots in defence, trusting to the promised mercy of the tribesmen." There followed a hazy list of the promptly massacred.

The gentleman who wielded the scissors on the staff of the "Brermouth Evening News" discovered that one of the names in the list (asterisked "doubtful") was that of a man whose home was in the adjoining county of Midshire.

Two members of the Midshire Yeomanry, Tofterton men, on casual business in Brermouth, happened to drift, for lack of something better to do, into the Yeomanry Room of the Territorial Club at the Brermouth Drill Hall. There was yet an hour to the departure of the southward-bound train, and one may play billiards at half the usual rates upon the club's table. These men of the "Gadflies" (thus have the Midshire Yeomanry been nicknamed since their uniform first offended the colour-sense of Brermouth eyes) found the table occupied by Carteret and Kernahan, troopers of the "King's Own." The game seemed a foregone "good thing" for Trooper Carteret, the Squadron's champion, wherefore the visitors, accepting the hospitality of Sergeant-Major Brighton's tobacco-pouch, lounged upon the surrounding seats and smoked, oblivious of all else.

"Know the Midshire man who is supposed to have been cut up in India?" the Sergeant-Major inquired of the Tofterton men.

The Midshire representatives did not. They asked politely to be further enlightened.

The Sergeant-Major handed them the "extra special." The "Brermouth Evening News" had, by the addition of a few observations upon the Midshire man, spread the account of the affair over half a column, and were grateful to the tribesmen, for things were slack in Brermouth, and news items of local interest slow in coming to hand.

"Phew!" exclaimed the Gadflies in chorus, as they read on.

"Very sad, certainly—very sad," said Sergeant-Major Brighton.

"Sad! Why, you ought to be——" The elder Gadfly paused most expressively.

"You see, my boys," the grey-moustached Sergeant-Major interposed, "I'm sort of used to that sort of thing. Er—I've been on the game, as you might say."

The junior Gadfly pulled his friend up smartly. "But Jimmy Staines was nothing to the 'Major!" he said. "Of course not. He didn't know him."

"No, of course . . . only it knocks a chap over for a minute, doesn't it? Hang it, two camps ago he was my tent chum. It makes you pals with a fellow, y'know."

The Sergeant-Major had picked up the paper again.

"'James Staines,' they've got him down as here, 'age twenty-six,' and so on. Says nothing about his connection with your Squadron. I'm sorry, of course, I apologise to you—*and* the Midshires!"

In courtliness no one exceeded Sergeant-Major Brighton at his best.

"But," the Sergeant-Major continued, "I don't believe in these chance reports. A Yeoman has ninety lives, hasn't he, Kernahan?"

The Trooper having compiled a respectable twenty and left the balls fairly "safe," was chalking his cue near by ready to resume.

"If you're referring to Jerry Fressingfield—certainly!" said Trooper Kernahan.

("My godfathers, Carteret, but you *are* warm. Fancy getting a cannon off *that* leave!")

"It's any odds against you for the Territorial Handicap, Kernahan," the Sergeant-Major observed in parenthesis.

"Quite so, *but*——"

"Hang it, Kernahan!" the Sergeant-Major put in, his grey eyes twinkling, "you surely don't think you've a chance in two hundred and fifty up, when our champion is a hundred and sixty all told, and forty ahead of you?"

"No. Not *much;* but——"

"Damn it, you're all 'buts,' boy!" said the Sergeant-Major genially.

"While there's life," Trooper Kernahan began, and then his face lit up. "Lordy, that was a let-off if you like, the red dead over the pocket! Now you can look out for your giddy reputation, Carteret!"

He returned to the table.

"With our Trooper, there," said the Sergeant-Major to the visitors, "while there's life there are 'buts.'"

"Wish you wouldn't talk when a man's trying a difficult three-cushion cannon," said Trooper Kernahan, after scoring a five shot rather luckily. "I shall have the very deuce of a job to win this game if you do!"

The Sergeant-Major waved his briar in the air enthusiastically.

"That's the Kernahan style!" he exclaimed. "Good old warhorse! Never beaten!"

There was no mistaking the note of pride in his voice.

"Fressingfield again, 'Major!" Trooper Kernahan called out, as he placed his ball in the half-circle of the "D" with the cheering prospect of an easy "loser" off the red before him. He had caught the merest note of the Sergeant-Major's comment, and that but vaguely, while reckoning up his chances in that game, the third round in the Territorial Billiard Handicap.

"You see," the Sergeant-Major explained to the Gadflies, "we heard similar reports of our Trooper Jerry Fressingfield. Yeomen, as I remarked just now, having ninety lives, it is more than probable that your man is playing poker somewhere up in the hills with a heathen king. But, talking about Jerry Fressingfield, he was one of *the* 'nuts,' as Kernahan there would tell you if he wasn't busy reducing his opponent's lead. (He doesn't believe in putting up his cue until the other man has scored the winning points meritoriously or fluked out.) Now, Jerry Fressingfield, at one time, was not up to that pattern at all, in life or in billiards—that is, until Kernahan took him under his wing."

The Sergeant-Major refilled his pipe and condoled with Kernahan on an unlucky miss after he had neatly compiled a fairly fortunate 25 break.

"Go on about Fressingfield," said one of the Gadflies, as the artistic Carteret returned to the table.

"Fressingfield? He was one of those chaps about whom there is little or no mystery. Harsh relations of his used to inform him, because of the variety of things he tried unsuccessfully, that a rolling stone gathered no moss. He would always ask 'em who the devil *wanted* to gather moss? Whereat, as you can imagine, the gouty uncles and the maiden aunts put him down as a depraved and rather flippant young man—which he certainly was.

"Now, mind you, Kernahan is no moral reformer. He knows precisely how thankless the task is. But Jerry—better-hearted chap never breathed—used to admit to Kernahan that he feared he was a failure in life. After a time, as he was continually a gentleman at large, his sole occupation became the drills, mounted and otherwise, in connection with Squadron 'B.' Monday nights, he used to confess to Kernahan, were godsends to him, when he could raise enough brass to stand his whack with the boys.

"Those little evenings lightened the dullness of his existence. His father had a small business in the town and, when all else turned out deuces and trays, Jerry kept alleged accounts for his father. When he got pretty dull—you ought to live in this place out of season—he'd say to Kernahan:

"'Of course, it's only the old pater's kindness of heart. Gives me all he can to do—which isn't much—so I shouldn't feel as if I were hanging on him at my age. Twenty-two, and not earning enough to keep my boots repaired!' he'd say. 'Twenty-two, and lacking the prestige of our office-boy, for *all* my spurs and whip and uniform. I'm not worthy of it, Kerny,' he'd go on, 'not worthy of bein' a King's Own man at all!'

"Kernahan would listen to all this, and reply always with the observation that it was about time he commenced to make a mark in life, forbearing to point out that when it comes to the last the future of a man does but rest with *himself*, and that no influence in the world can really advance a middle-class slacker *very* far.

"Before long Jerry would recover his spirits.—

"'Never mind, Kerny,' he'd say. 'Cancel those words, old Sporting Life. Little things like that get dragged out of me, sometimes. After all, it's no use worrying. Let's eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we hack the pail!'

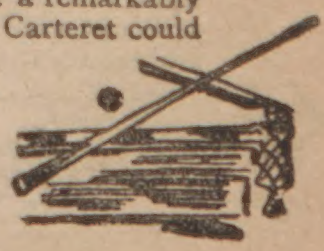
"Kernahan stood a lot of this sort of thing from Jerry because he liked the boy, and there was not an ounce of real vice in young Fressingfield. He was easily led, easily pleased, easily smashed up, easily everything. One night, however—they were walking along the front towards the harbour's mouth, cloaked up, and heads down against a driving wind—Jerry came the old touch again, finishing up cheerfully with the 'eat, drink, and be merry' fallacy, as usual.

"By this time they'd got to the Old Pier (you know that crazy old tarred structure which stands by the left of the harbour bar?). It was a moonlight night.

"'Bloomin' lovely night,' said Jerry, lookin' out to sea. 'Fancy *me* talkin' like a despondent Stiggins! Why, a fellow ought to be glad he's alive in a world like this.'

"'Certainly, when he's earning a right to live in it,' said Trooper Kernahan. 'But just oblige me by falling into the sea, Fressingfield,' he says. 'You can jump off here nicely, and you won't be able to swim for long in a tide like that!'"

Trooper Kernahan, who had left a remarkably easy shot "on," which the artistic Carteret could not fail to follow up with advantage, sat down by the side of the 'Major.



"I was just telling these fellows about your advice to Fressingfield on the Old Pier, Kernahan," said the Sergeant-Major.

"Of course, it rather surprised Master Jerry," said Trooper Kernahan.

"'What the deuce do you mean?' Fressingfield asked me. 'What use is there in talking like that?'

"'At the moment,' I said, 'I was thinking of what use you were to a world that has no room for slackers who are minus banking accounts.' (You've done it *now*, Carteret.)"

Trooper Kernahan returned to the table.

The Sergeant-Major waited to hear the double click of a tricky cannon, and continued.

"Well, old Kernahan's little home-ruler did its work. (Hard luck, boy!) 'Member that smoking-concert night, Kernahan—*and* Jerry's speech?"

"Rather! I regretted at the time that I hadn't recommended him to take up Parliamentary work instead of doing all I could to assist him to bury this talent of his for oratory somewhere in the Wild West—on a cattle ranche. It was touching, especially all that about leaving old pals, little neat observations regarding bygone camps. (Thank you for *that*, Carteret.)"

"He went on," the Sergeant-Major continued, "to say that it was due to his Yeomanry training, his horsemanship which he had picked up wholesale from myself and the chaps, and the shift-for-yourself rule of camp that had, he believed, thoroughly fitted him for a 'life on the limitless prairie.' That was the phrase, I think, Kernahan?"

"Yes; but you've forgotten the picture he sketched out of himself over the fire in his log-wood hut, thinking of Brermouth and pals and all that. . . . Damn it, my eyes were wet when he'd finished. So were yours, 'Major. I saw 'em glisten. You can't deny it."

"I sha'n't try, Kernahan. Then there came the smashing peroration, gentlemen.

"Old Fressingfield stood there, looking every inch an officer in his broad-chested uniform and bearing o' pride.

"'I drink to my old friends of the King's Own,' he said. 'My motto in future will be "When in doubt emulate the Kernahan style"!'"

"Good man!" exclaimed the senior Gadfly admiringly.

The Sergeant-Major smoked on in silence for a space.

"Three months after there was a *horrible* night——"

"Worse than that," Trooper Kernahan interrupted.

"A wretched damp blanket of a night," the Sergeant-Major continued, "when the 'Brermouth Evening News' brought gloom upon my fine boys in this very room. It was printed *very* formally. 'There's been a bust-up on that limitless prairie,' said the paragraph. 'A few of Delagrange's Desperadoes had held up a little settlement, bagged all the portable valuables, and strung up the whole darned shoot systematically, from the head man to the tenderfoot—poor Jerry Fressingfield!'"

"Gee!" said the senior Gadfly, catching the American note.

"Kernahan wouldn't be comforted.

"'Jerry's all right,' I told him. 'I don't believe half these American yarns. They don't reckon they've told a tale properly without addin' 75 per cent. of pure imagination to it.'

"'But *I* sent him out there,' poor old Kernahan said, 'and now he's gone and lost his bloomin' little life.'

"'*One* of 'em!' I said. 'Always remember, my boy, that a Yeoman's got ninety lives. You wait.'

"That's what I said to that young gentleman there, you fellows.

"'*You* wait,' I said."

The Sergeant-Major absent-mindedly went on repeating this phrase to himself while he watched Kernahan's gallant attempt at a "long jenny" just fail.

"That's about enough waiting," the junior Gadfly reminded him.

"It was—for *me*," Trooper Kernahan observed as he thoughtfully chalked his cue. "That letter of Fressingfield's, 'Major, is still in the club's cash-box among the club's unpaid bills."

The club steward bore the letter triumphantly to the Sergeant-Major, after much rummaging amid the club's liabilities and assets.

"I'll read you the letter that three months later released Kernahan from purgatory. You must excuse some of the observations. Jerry was never one to look at things as seriously as he should—on the 'eat, drink, and be merry' principle, you know. Here it is:

"'My dear old 'Major'—the boys don't forget me gentlemen. For all that they get the rough edge of my tongue sometimes, I'm glad—I'm proud—to say that I believe they *like* me."

The Sergeant-Major choked back a little huskiness that had attacked his throat suddenly, and read on.

"'You may or may not have heard that Delagrange's lot have been making things pretty warm out in this quarter of the globe. If you don't happen, in addition, to have heard of Delagrange, I may tell you that his reputation locally is not exceptional for its general goodness. He is very fond of publicity (being a half-bred Canadian-Mexican), and this love of his is only equalled by his greed of "ill-gotten gain"—as the papers would put it. Where I'm in evidence—in these parts—the boss of this shanty (good-hearted chap, for all that he is distinctly low-class American) is a little more than moderately wealthy, and has distrusted banks ever since a cashier beat him for eight dollars at poker in the dim long ago. Old Delagrange, for early and precise information, has only one equal in my acquaintance, and that is, Kernahan, of dear old Squadron "B."' (Kernahan, I know, objects to this comparison.) 'Well, he got wind of the little valuables that old "Uncle" MacMahon stocked, and caring nothing for the various six-shooters the Old Man had decorated about his person in the approved style, out sailed Delagrange on the looting path across the limitless prairie.'

"It was the old touch, you see, boys—Squadron smoking-concert form. Nothing alters our good fellows or the straight course of their lives from the time they leave their old Squadron until they return from foreign lands. They're the same good sports. It's the sort of stuff we turn out—if you'll pardon an old soldier's little pride. Let's see. I'd got to 'limitless prairie.'

"'Remember, I'm writing now in the light of after events. We hadn't suspected anything of this sort, the bulky MacMahon having a reputation of his own in the nearest township, and his reputation wasn't for politeness to strangers who could not satisfactorily state their business! If this sounds peculiar to you, remember that there is no police station handy around here, and might *is* right indeed. But Delagrange was not without opposition in his line. There was another gentleman who held sway over a similar band of utter blackguards. His name was Pueblo Mosé. Strangely enough, they both elected to start out and get hold of old MacMahon's little pile at the same time. We got wind of Mr. Mosé's intentions from a cow-boy, and made our preparations accordingly, because he was the first to appear.

"'If you can, just imagine our "strategical position"! It's pretty simple—just a block of log huts in the midst of open ground, affording (as Kernahan would say) not enough cover for a full-grown beetle. First to the extreme south in our line of vision appeared Mosé's lot—old MacMahon picked him out with a pair of race-glasses, which he tells us (but we don't believe it) once belonged to one of his lady admirers in New York. Hardly had he come to his conclusion than out of the north there came some more horsemen, with Delagrange (you couldn't mistake his hump back with your naked eye; he looked like a sack of flour on horseback) at their head. Poor old MacMahon groaned when he saw we were thus between the devil and the deep sea. On the face of it things looked pretty bad!

"'Then I remembered, all of a sudden, that smoking-concert at Brermouth, just in the way all sorts of things run in your head when any great emergency faces you. It seemed, somehow, that there was no chance of me ever seeing the fellows of dear old Squadron "B" again. But I remembered the last words of my little farewell address, "When in doubt, emulate the Kernahan style."'"

The Sergeant-Major turned over the thin flimsy leaf.

"'The question then before me was what the deuce would our Trooper Kernahan have done under the circumstances? At that moment MacMahon was coming round serving out all the cartridges available, and as he only kept a supply for himself, being ever fearful of civil war in his own domain, they didn't amount to much when distributed to us three men to whom he had handed his "spare revolvers." He cheerfully advised us to make the best of it, and, after the manner of the stories in the shockers, to sell our lives as dearly as possible. (A pretty case for an ex-Trooper of the dear old K. O. and Squadron "B" in particular, which never says die!) I felt instinctively that this was where we wanted old Kernahan. Lacking him, I had to put myself in his place as faithfully as possible, under the regrettable circs. On the face of it, it looked any odds against us, but trying to follow what would have been Kernahan's line of thought, I stumbled on one little ray of hope.'

"You see that Trooper Kernahan is leading Carteret in the game now. It is all through that 'ray of hope' which is never darkened in his mind whate'er betides.

"'Now, Kernahan wouldn't have wasted ammunition to no purpose when he was certain of getting outed at the finish. He would have taken a bolder chance! So I turned to old MacMahon: "Just take my tip—it would be Kernahan's tip, and I've told you about *him*," I said. "Let 'em be. Put down your revolvers. Don't fire a shot," I said.

"'"You're mad!" said MacMahon. "You don't know these devils!"

"'"That doesn't matter," I said, still on Kernahan's line. "Ask yourself the question, What's the name of the man whom Delagrange would pay every cent he's ever stolen to see whacked or otherwise outed!"

"'"Why, Pueblo Mosé," he said, light dawning in his fat head.

"'"Well," I said, looking out of our ramshackle window, "Delagrange is nearest. We're on Delagrange's side. Follow, Boss?"

"'He admitted he *did* and told me I ought to have been holding a commission in the effete British Army. (Fancy Captain Jerry!)

"'Well, up went our hands as soon as Delagrange's lot appeared. Then, when the excitement was over, I personally conducted the best-hearted blackguard on the prairies to the southward window and said two words, "Pueblo Mosé."

"'That did it in the most approved Kernahan style. I'll spare you the rather tame details of how he settled old scores with Mosé. They *are* tame because it was a sickening affair. What chance had those twenty horsemen on the open prairie against all those efficiently-armed blackguards behind excellent cover? *Efficiently armed*, mind you! I leave it to your imagination. It appeared that Mosé had not kept that honour which is so necessary among thieves, lest the honest man comes by his own. So, you see, old Delagrange's lot effectually settled our enemies for us, took 'em prisoners and, it is said, strung 'em up, somewhere where there *are* trees!

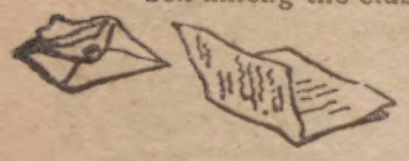
"'And—as old MacMahon and his boys got off scot-free, which, even if just, was rather more than lucky under the circumstances—I may modestly say it was a triumph for the Kernahan style!'"

Reading the usual conclusion to such missives, the Sergeant-Major folded up the letter.

"A triumph for the Kernahan style," he repeated, as, fascinated, he watched a white ball slither into a top-corner pocket on the billiard-table.

Carteret, who had watched Kernahan very anxiously as he made the stroke, put up his cue with the sigh that comes from a narrowly defeated man.

"Kernahan's *style's* right, 'Major," he said wearily. "You will observe that I have just been pipped by our excellent Trooper Kernahan—and I only wanted one for game!"



THE WATER DWELLERS

AN IMPRESSION.

Among the dwellers upon the wild expanse of Breydon Water I have friends whom I envy when the summer suns shine in cerulean skies, and for whom I am, at first, inclined to shudder when I hear the wintry wind rising outside and the rain coming down in plashing torrential lines.

But when I come to consider it I know that even on stormy nights they do not require my pity—this strange race of fine men who live upon that vast, mud-locked estuary of the Yare, from which the sea receded far back in the centuries, long before the now twenty-mile inland city of Norwich ceased to be a seaport town.

Inside my own house the wind may moan through the chinks and shriek through the crevices. . . .

I look up at a photograph that holds an honoured place upon my mantelpiece. It is a snapshot I took, when summer winds were blowing, of the tarred-sided houseboat called "The Stint." Upon the ten-inch-projecting deck you can see the great rawboned and red-armed "Cutty" Fields, smoking his everlasting clay, while "Bonnie" Spanter, his mate—a victim to the chewing-tobacco habit—sits more comfortably than artistically upon the sun-bathed roof of the partners' habitation.

PRIMITIVE INGENUITY.

I have been upon that houseboat, where the Water Dwellers reside, in various weathers. I know that, whatever the elements may be making themselves unnecessarily unpleasant over outside, it is comfortable enough inside the trimly-built airy-in-summer and warm-in-winter "Stint." There are crafty ventilation contrivances—"Cutty" is the patentee—which admit no draughts in the wildest weather.

On winter nights I can sit in my alleged "comfortable" room while the smoke blows down in gusts from the chimney, and envelops even the (also alleged) "ancestress" painting in soot, and think of those nights—and days—I spent with "Bonnie" Spanter and "Cutty" Fields upon Breydon Water.

It is pleasant, somehow. . . . I see the roof lamp swinging slightly with the heave of the houseboat upon the tide. (I am only a cramped thing in the corner by the fire, with my head resting on the tiny cupboard where the tea and grocery provisions are kept now.)

AS "CUTTY" TAKES HIS EASE.

The not inconsiderable feet of my friend "Cutty" are nearer to me than anything in particular. "Cutty's" head is propped up on the hard bolster upon the combined locker and elongated form that stretches to the door of the houseboat's interior. That door is innocent of bolts. You see there is nothing to rob upon "The Stint." Money is as nothing. We cannot spend it anyhow, and cards are counted amongst us as the "devil's books."

There is simply nothing to do but talk, and you could cut our broad Norfolk accent with a knife. The schools and nauseating snobbery have taught me something different, mayhap. Yet, true Nature being what it is, it is easy, and withal pleasant, for me to drop into the careless, semi-detached word endings of my native brogue—which come purely and unconsciously from the lips of my hosts, "Cutty" Fields and "Bonnie" Spanter.

Here in the houseboat there is equality without the offensive unpleasantness of Socialism. If these good Water Dwellers happen to prefix the East Anglian "Muster" before my name, it is merely because they became accustomed to that courtesy title before our acquaintance ripened into friendship, when I was a "genelman sportsman," with a gun and a duck punt upon Breydon Water and they were, to me, the "professionals."

In those dark days I merely caught glimpses of them now and again as their tiny-sailed punt glided between the mud islands along the channel cuts. "Bonnie" and "Cutty" were marksmen indeed, and many is the flock of mallard I have seen rise from the flats leaving certain of their number with red-dyed wings upon the oozing, dirty yellow banks.

I shall belittle them in the eyes of sportsmen, I know, when I admit that they shot all edible birds sitting. But, you see, it was not sport to them. It was their living. If they had nothing to sell to the dealers who stand in the Saturday markets of Yarmouth and Norwich it meant that they themselves went short even of the comfort of tea, cocoa, and bread.

FUEL FOR THE INNER MAN.

There is something in that solitary life of Breydon which reminds me of the Ballantyne stories I devoured in boyhood's days—stories of backwoodsmen who went out and shot their dinner, much as primitive man, in the period when there was no coined rate of exchange, sallied forth and returned with food for himself and his cave-dwelling family; but the present-day Water Dwellers sell their "bag" for the "white monnie" that they may buy grocery, stores, and things in much-advertisement-covered tins that seem so out of place when one encounters them in this realm of wild nature, either in the cupboard upon "The Stint" or floating empty down the channel with the tide.

It seems strange that these sons of the watery waste, "Cutty" Fields and "Bonnie" Spanter, should ever have handled them. It is, in my eyes, almost a creditable fact that they found it hard to read the "big" words on the cocoa tins, that they have never heard of the much-quoted "Lancet," that to them the Public Analyst is a mythical being.

When I am enjoying the hospitality of "Cutty" Fields and "Bonnie" Spanter—those blue-jerseyed giants—I know that I am indeed a minnow among Tritons. They are the living specimens of coarse-built strength. They could fold most ordinary men in their arms and crumple them up like sheets of paper, flinging them far without conscious effort. . . . Their great arms that hang down by their broad hips, their heavy-jowled faces, the rather low foreheads, beneath which the bluest of eyes look on the mile-upon-mile of stretching panorama of quiet—deathly quiet—expanse of naught but yellow-brown water and mud flats.

WAVING FAREWELL.

But when the red sun has tinted the tiny spray-tossing billows in the tideway—oft have I watched it from my gun punt—I see the black miniature Noah's-Ark form of the tarred "Stint" silhouetted against that ragged-clouded West. The ever-diminishing forms of Spanter and Fields are waving me a large-armed farewell as I set sail for the grey town sketched out on the sky line. Even when I moor my boat at a quayside yard something seems to call to me from Breydon Water.

Thus when all the world seems against me, when I find that my best friends are so shallow as to expect more from me than it is in my nature to give them, when even Love fades, or is tinged with bitterness, then my mind wanders to Breydon Water—my last hope.

I see in it my one chance of salvation, and in myself a different Being. . . .

At such times I fancifully weigh up my banking account, which always contains sufficient to buy a tarred houseboat, a good gun, a great supply of cartridges and tobacco.

My boxes shall be placed aboard a boat and rowed out from the quayside. . . .

GOOD-BYE TO THE OUTER WORLD.

In the stern of that boat, perched upon the top of the largest trunk, is a man who is bidding good-bye to the turmoil of the world.

When the man in the boat has clambered (rather amateurishly) up the side of his new, water-surrounded habitation and lugged his belongings on board, the thing he will have left utterly out of his remaining span of life will be that Big Cheese upon which the millions of mites strive to gain supremacy by devouring their own kind—the World.

S. B. WORSFOLD.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are an enthusiastic reader of this paper, we welcome you to membership of our League.

The only qualification demanded is that you should be a good sort, and a sportsman at heart, if not in actual fact.

The objects of the League are by this time known to most of our readers. The League has been founded to encourage good-fellowship and good-sportsmanship wherever this paper is read—that is wherever the English language is spoken.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

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WHERE MEN FORECATHER

LI. THE RUGBY INTERNATIONAL.

Which will you have—England v. Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, Sandy versus Paddy or Taffy, Welsh against Hibernian Celt? Any or all will provide you with ripping sport and an hour and a hali's glorious excitement.

Time was when England v. Scotland was the only International that really counted among Rugby men, but not so now. True, it is still a great encounter, but Scotsmen at least would, I think, as soon beat Wales as England in these days, just as Scotland will take a licking more kindly from Ireland than from either of the other nations.

Nevertheless Scotland v. England at Inverleith is a memorable sight. Frozen, indeed, must be your blood if it does not bound as the braw pipers go swelling and swaggering round the arena, and then what a roar greets the teams as they stream on to the field, and especially the dark-blue-jerseyed men of the Thistle.

SCOTTISH RESERVE.

The Scots a reserved race? Man, you have never seen an International in Scotland. It is a "class" crowd for the most part, but they can let themselves go when they like. Look at that grey-haired, austere-faced gentleman over there. He is behaving like any maniac; he has long since lost his hat; he whirls his stout staff around his head to the imminent danger of his neighbours, and his usually colourless face grows crimson as he maintains a continuous roar of "Scoatland," "Scoatland." Losh, can that be the ultra-respectable David MacFeu, Writer to the Signet? Aye, mon it is, and a fat lot Dauvid cares whether anybody sees him or not.

Thirty years have slipped from his broad shoulders, and he is away back with "Bulldog" Irvine, pioneer and doughty hero of Scottish football. By Saint Andrew, it was a stern fight in those far-off days. Twenty-minute mauls, hacking and scragging allowed, and a man wasn't held until he said "down," and he did not gasp surrender until the life had been pretty well squeezed out of him.

A SON TO BE PROUD OF.

A sky-cracking shout recalls the eminent W. S. from the mighty past to a glorious present. The Scottish forwards have come away with a characteristic rush, and, by crumbs! when you have seen a Scottish forward rush you have seen something worth seeing. The Welshmen fear it as they fear nothing else in football. It is a magnificent sight, and elderly David forgets all decorum, jumps in the air, and yells like any schoolboy. He has reason, for on the crest of that relentless wave of stalwart manhood is borne a tall, raw-boned, red-headed laddie—his son, his only son.

The English backs do not lack pluck, they never did. They go down like men to stop that fearful onslaught, but in vain. They are beaten and tossed aside like sand-castles before an Atlantic roller, the red-headed laddie perks up and fairly flings himself across the line, carrying the English full-back with him, but with the ball clear, young David MacFeu has scored in his first International.

Old David mentally resolves to present the lad with a five-pound note, a resolution subsequently modified to five shillings, for MacFeu is not like that English father who, his son playing in his first inter-'Varsity match, promised the boy a tenner for every try he scored, and when his offspring helped himself to three tries was so pleased that he made it fifty of the best.

Scotland v. England at Edinburgh is a grand sight, nor is England v. Scotland at Twickenham to be despised. An English crowd can be moved, as witness the scenes when after many weary years England beat Wales at Twickenham this season.

Solid City men, grave-faced doctors, "swells" from the clubs, Bedford Row solicitors—one of them, Mr. E. T. Gurdon, was in his youth one of England's greatest forwards — forgot their English phlegm and reserve, and I bet the Welshmen will long remember January 15, 1910.

All said and done, however, an International at Cardiff is, perhaps, the most stirring sight of all.

It is something worth living for to hear 50,000 Welsh throats singing "Land of My Fathers" as the red-jerseyed Taffys come out to do or die. The "All Blacks" used to disconcert their opponents with their Maori war-cry, but as an "All Black" himself told me, their cry was as the piping of a canary compared with the heaven-splitting chant of the Welsh crowd.

The Scotsman takes his football seriously, but with the Welshman it is a religion. And, unlike other countries, in Wales Rugby is the people's game. Miners, colliers, quarrymen, iron-metal workers, these form the majority of a Welsh Rugby crowd.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

A beautiful sight it is when the Welsh backs get going. No mechanical exhibition this, but a movement instinct with brains and life. The Welshmen are the Davids of the Rugby world, and they have to overcome Goliath by guile. The pity is that sometimes there is too much guile. You are a fine sportsman, Taffy; you are game to the backbone, and never so dangerous as when apparently all hope is gone ten minutes from time; and you have a genius for football.

Why spoil it all, as you sometimes do, by sharp practice? Rugby is the manliest game in the world, and as manly men you have no business to resort to tricks that are unworthy of you and your country.

England, Scotland, and Wales in opposition provide grand football. But the rivalry is so desperate, the issue taken so seriously, that the tension of the onlooker is apt to be painful.

For a really enjoyable match give me an Irish International.

I have spoken of the Scottish forward rush; it is equalled, perhaps even surpassed, by the Irish rush. But there is this difference. The Scotsmen will be good for a rush right up to the call of time; the Irishmen have usually shot their bolt within the first twenty minutes of each half.

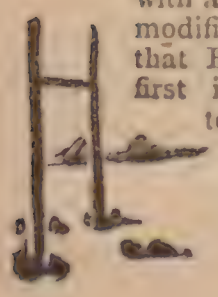
PADDY ON THE FIELD.

While they last, however, the Irishmen are great. Their reckless dash is unsurpassed. When an Irishman tackles you, you know it, and if their forwards can't walk over you, they will walk through you. They lose splendidly, and an Irish crowd is the most sporting in the world. They must cheer somebody, and if their own men give them nothing to whoop about, then they will cheer the opposition.

They remind me in some ways of the two Yorkshire miner teams that met for the fray, only to find that there was no ball. "Dom t' ball," growled one player, "let's get on with t' game."

"To hell wid the ball, to hell wid who wins or loses, let's have some fun," that's your Irish crowd.

PETER GILCHRIST.



AT HOME OR IN "DIGS."

WHERE IS A MAN BEST OFF?

It is a very common ambition among young men, when they first take up a profession—in other words, "go out into the world"—to leave the parental roof-tree and enjoy their newly-won independence to the full in "diggings."

But a very pertinent question arises from this—does a man really have a better time at home or in "digs"?

It is a difficult question to answer, for it depends naturally upon the character of the man's "people" and the kind of diggings he is likely to be able to afford.

Some parents—and especially fathers—are very apt to forget the rather important fact that a boy must grow up and become an adult some day; and they often treat a hard-working and level-headed chap of twenty-three exactly in the same way that they did when he was fifteen.

I know one man who was such a crank in this respect that he would not credit his son with enough responsibility to lock and bolt the front door behind him when he came in late; and always used to sit up on such occasions, although he was wedded to the "early to bed" habit. He made himself so disagreeable in consequence to his unfortunate son that the latter was eventually forced to go into "diggings," and is now living happily and contentedly.

But, on the other hand, I know another man who lives an ideally happy life at home. He has his own "den," which he has fitted up to suit his particular tastes—with the time-honoured trophies of doughty athletic feats at school, his boxing-gloves and foils hanging from the walls, and his own old "doggy" pal on the hearthrug in front of the fire—and here he is in the habit of entertaining a select gathering of convivial cronies.

"I say, won't your people get into a bit of a paddy with us for making all this row?" they sometimes inquire, fearfully, after a particularly lusty rendering of the latest popular chorus-song; but the reply is always a reassuring smile.

"Not a bit," says their host. "The gov'nor's an awful old sportsman in that way."

Now, that man wouldn't exchange his home for all the diggings in England—and rightly, too.

Sometimes, in courting independence in lodgings, a man may find that he has jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. This is when he comes across a landlady of the "old soldier" type. She is continually "nagging" him. Either he is not punctual at meal-times, or his "late hours don't do my 'ouse no good," or the thud of his stockinged feet in the morning, while indulging in strenuous dumb-bell exercises, disturbs the matutinal slumbers of the old gentleman who sleeps underneath.

The awful scramble and fight for the possession of the bathroom that goes on in almost every lodging-house is a thorn in the flesh of most men.

Then, again, the average landlady's idea of cooking is generally delightfully hazy. Chops are served burned but stone-cold, sausages are hard as a suit of mail outside but pink and transparent within, kippers are generally set before one floating in water, revealing to the amateur Sherlock Holmes that they have been boiled instead of fried, and the man who, for purposes of training, asks for toast with his meals instead of bread never fails, while waiting for its arrival, to hear the sound of vigorous scraping coming from the kitchen.

Contrast all this with a pleasant life with your own father and mother, who take an interest in you that no landlady could feel, who provide dishes for you that they know you like, in most cases take no notice of the times of your incomings and outgoings, and thanks to whom you are generally exempt from paying any rent.

"Living with your people, eh? Lucky chap! I wish I'd stopped with mine," is a remark that has been made by more than one bachelor in "diggings"; and it has a significance which is only fully realised when one has forsaken a good home for moderate lodgings.

J. B. EVETT.

A MAN AND HIS DREAMS

Dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad.—YOUNG.

Dreams belong to men's waking hours as well as to their hours of sleep, and they are as varied as men themselves.

There are the dreams of youth—long, long dreams that stretch beyond the bounds of adolescence right away to the steep heights of maturity. They are the dreams that never come true. Why, God knows!

Then there are the dreams that alas! for the dreamer, do come to pass, and possibly the devil knows why.

To the first class belong the dreams of great achievements, of heroic deeds. How small a proportion of these are realised, yet youth is rich in them.

DREAMS OF MATURITY.

In the second class are the dreams of personal aggrandisement, of wealth unscrupulously obtained.

These are more often the dreams of maturity.

There are the dreams that come to the bachelor—of a happy home, with the sweet-faced woman in the picture he sees in his lonely fire, the firelight playing on her sleek, bent head, and the children that by-and-by shall crowd about his knees.

Sometimes this dream does come true; sometimes it remains a dream, but, even so, such dreams do not harm a man, and perhaps they will save him from that cynicism which is supposed to be inseparable from the confirmed bachelor.

[illegible] fancies belong to this class of waking dream—fancies that crystallise by-and-by into wedding favours, or else melt away in the stern white heat of more matured passions.

But these waking dreams are not all harmless, and the man who gives way to them ought to see that he does so to no great extent, for it is a habit that grows on one. There can be contemplative sinners as well as contemplative saints, and a man may be vicious in imagination, though he may never transgress in act.

SPORTING FANCIES.

There are the sportsman's dreams. These, of course, depend on the particular sport he fancies.

Take the angler. He dreams to some purpose whether asleep or awake, for he is firmly convinced that his dream really happened. There are no weights and measures in the world of dreams, so he knows he is safe on that score.

[illegible]son was a famous chap with a rod and line, but his achievements paled before Jebbs's dreams. Jebbs had never played a salmon in his life—never been north of the Tweed, to my certain knowledge—yet to hear him talk you would think he was a great expert. His descriptions of the sport in Scotland were so graphic that he might have been born on Deeside; but in reality he could hardly land a roach. "A fisher of yarns," a wit once dubbed Jebbs, but, as time went on, he really came to believe that his dreams, instead of being figments of his fancy, were real facts.

THE CASE OF COOK.

There are the dreams that come to the athlete—the championships to be won, the purse to be lifted. Some of these dreams are no more flimsy than the courage of the dreamer.

There was Cook, who talked of what he was going to do in a big match fixed up between himself and a chap from the States, talked till his backers seemed to see the stakes in Cook's hands. In his dreams he was victor, he told them, but he went down in a couple of rounds without giving his pals a show for their money. It does not pay to dream in the ring; it generally means a good sound sleep for the dreamer.

There are the dreams that the expert swimmer indulges in. He swims the Channel twice over; he emerges at the other side of the whirlpool into whose grim waters Captain Webb disappeared—after all, a not unfitting sepulchre for that daring, unhappy soul!

Charles was a man who had never done more than just disport himself in a very small swimming-bath, and yet he managed to kid the fellows in another district that he could beat Jappy Wolffe, if they would help him.

Of course he failed to put in an appearance when the day came round, and now those chaps are looking for Charles with a will.

But what about dreams proper—the dreams that have a physical meaning quite apart from the interpretation put upon them by the credulous from Napoleon downwards?

BORN FROM WAKING THOUGHTS.

Tell me a man's dreams, and I will describe the dreamer, for as a man habitually dreams, so he is. Conscience holds no sway over dreams, but these are pre-determined by the waking thoughts.

There are the dreams that the fumes of the wine-cup conjure up, the drugged dreams that vice engenders, from which spring the visions that prove to the debauchee that his punishment has begun, and which give him glimpses of that hell towards which he is hastening.

And there are also those terrible fantastic phantoms in whose tormenting grip the victim of the "horrors" writhes in frenzy.

There are those dreams that the fiend indigestion sends to serve a man out for enjoying himself too much at some festive board—though they may date from the time when the bride of a month begins actively to superintend the cooking arrangements, and this form is indeed hard to cure.

W. W. MARTIN.

BACHELORS' FLATS.

Why is it that so few men, who are heartily sick of living in diggings, do not take a small bachelor flat, preferably in partnership with some genial soul of their acquaintance?

They would live much freer lives and, in nine cases out of ten, much more cheaply. Even in London, where the rents of flats rule high, a flat eminently suitable for two bachelors can be obtained for ten shillings or so a week; and enough furniture for it can be had for about ten shillings down, and half-a-crown a week until the full amount is paid.

Thus, at first each man's weekly outlay amounts to about six shillings and threepence; while, after the furniture is paid for, it is only five shillings. Very few "combined rooms," by the way, are obtainable for so small a sum. Men who are used to camping out, or to "roughing it" in a mild way, should have no difficulty in grilling the nimble chop or steak and preparing the festive tea or coffee. So that, with a charwoman to come in periodically and make the place tidy, life in a flat should be both comfortable and inexpensive.

It is an idea worth trying.

THE SILENCE OF THE WOODS.

AN AFTERNOON STROLL.

There are in Nature many noiseless noises, and wood silence is one of them. Those who spend their years in the cities and who pass by the woods with the sound of car or carriage are wont to think of them as soundless solitudes where a desolate stillness reigns eternally.

Even the cyclist, whose tyres make softer music on the road, glances aside at the motionless trees as he runs alongside the plantation and thinks, as he pedals along, that within their shadow there is the silence of the desert.

But between the desert and the wood there is no comparison. Out in the great waste spaces of earth the silence appals. A man's voice is lost in the flat dead waste, and it comes back upon him with bewildering horror. For a moment it cleaves the enfolding silence and then this closes round him again and he knows the limits of human endurance. For to be alone in the great veldt or on the desert is an experience that tries a man's nerves. Physical strength is impotent.

But within the wood there is another and a kinder spirit abroad. Silence there is, of a kind, but it is the silence of a busy room to which the ear has grown accustomed. There are all around sounds that do not catch the attention unless they are expected and waited for.

Walking along the close-cropped ride that runs through the wood from end to end, you are forced to hear the noiseless noises of the wood. Stopping suddenly and listening, the wood's orchestra is heard in full swing. From causes one can only guess at, the twigs are cracking on the ground, leaves rustling in short sharp agitation, there is a sudden pattering of mist-drops from the evergreens, and you know that living creatures are in each case the cause of the sounds.

Though you do not see the causes of the tiny music, you are seen by them. Long before you are aware of their presence they have scented, heard, or divined the presence of a strange and possibly dangerous creature, and the sounds of their movements usually mean that they have taken steps for their own safety in case of attack.

Scattered here and there upon the ground are empty cartridge cases left behind by the shooting party that shot the wood only a week ago, or thrown aside by the keeper. Thrusting the end of your stick into one of them, and using the stick as a sling, you send the case whistling over the trees into a clump of firs.

Then the wood echoes to the loud strong flapping of wild pigeons' wings. You have disturbed a pair already settling down for the night, though it is but afternoon, and though at times through dark purple branches you catch a glimpse of a great round swollen ruddy sun dropping slowly into the haze of the horizon.

In the damp air the scent of rotting leaves, laying the foundation for a still far-off spring, rises from the earth. With good luck you will get a glimpse of the great heron, lord of loneliest woods. His eerie, hollow croak, heard high up in the sky, arrests your footsteps, for the heron has a fascination for the stroller in lonely spots.

You peer through the branches of the trees, and at last spy out the heavy-flying grey bird, his long, sharp beak turning here and there as he scans the wood to see that all is safe.

Only two disturbances ever make the wood resound with unaccustomed sounds. These are the great shoot of the year and the visit of the hounds. Then the guns keep the echoes booming to and fro and startle the neighbouring covers for a whole day at a time.

The other visitation is of shorter duration, but while it lasts it is just as disturbing, for the pack sweeps through the wood in its pursuit like a sudden squall tearing over the sea, throwing up the waves and spray around.

And the silence that they leave behind is for a time one that almost may be felt, for the creatures of the wild, or what are left of them, are slow to take up their usual habits after such rude intrusions.

B. HUGHES.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE ONE WHO KNEW

By ADAM STERN.

"Don't you think," said Miss Martin, ceasing the rapid clattering of the typewriter in order to make the remark, "that Mr. Saunders is a very reserved man?"

The tone was conversational, and she appeared to have addressed the remark to the wall immediately in front of her.

Mr. Archie Wainwright, owner and principal of the carpet manufactory of Wainwright and Co., Flaxminster, glanced across from his desk.

"What made you say that?" he asked.

He was a dark, well-groomed man of about thirty, with a trim dark moustache, clean-cut features, and martial blue eyes.

"Nothing," she said, after a noticeable pause. "Only he always seems to me to have something on his mind."

Mr. Archie Wainwright's gaze rested upon the back of his lady secretary with a suspicion perhaps caused by the innocence of her voice.

"Does he?" he said. "I hadn't noticed it."

"He hasn't been with the firm long, has he?"

"Five years or so, I think."

"That would be three years before you, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. You see, I never thought I was cut out for business, and was studying art in London when my father had his sudden seizure."

"It must have been very disappointing," said Miss Martin, with a flattering sigh of regret, "to have to give up a career like that because of looking after the business."

"It was," agreed her employer, rather pleased with her regret.

"But, of course, it was very useful having Mr. Saunders here as manager to show you everything and to be your right-hand man."

Mr. Wainwright did not reply, but he looked less pleased.

"I think," said Miss Martin, examining her note-book, "that Mr. Saunders got on *wonderfully*, considering that he was here such a short time and is only a young man. He can't be much more than thirty-two or three. Your father must have thought a good deal of him to put him above everybody as he did."

"He's very capable and reliable, and a man full of ideas. That's why he got on, I suppose."

"But there can't be much that he can teach you *now*, sir," observed Miss Martin, preparing to write again.

"No, of course not, but——"

Archie Wainwright's lips closed quickly. This lady-secretary of his, with her casual, conciliatory questions, was an adept at drawing him to the verge of confidences.

"But," continued Miss Martin, above the rattle of the machine, "of course, if old Mr. Wainwright gave him an agreement for a number of years he's got nothing to worry about at all."

"Who told you that he had an agreement?" demanded her employer sharply.

"Nobody. I only wondered."

Mr. Wainwright bit his lip at having allowed the fact to escape him, while Miss Martin smiled to herself.

Then, for a few minutes, both were silent.

"I wonder," said Miss Martin, who was quite in a talkative mood this afternoon, "whether it will *really* come to anything between Miss Fancourt and Mr. Saunders."

Mr. Wainwright looked up again. He reflected a moment.

"Miss Martin!" he said shortly. "Come here?"

The lady-secretary rose obediently from her chair and approached his desk. She was an attractive young woman with a colour and innocent blue eyes that none but an expert in physiognomy could suspect of scheming.

"What are you driving at?" said Mr. Wainwright bluntly.

"Nothing. Only they're always about together and everybody seems to think it's a settled thing."

"What do you *know?*" persisted Mr. Wainwright, who knew something of women; at least of the scheming type.

"I only wondered whether Mr. Saunders was as reserved with her as—everybody else."

"What has he got to be reserved about? Come, now! You can trust me."

"*Of course* I can, sir," said Miss Martin, with emphasis as flattering as the sigh of regret had been, "only I never like to make mischief, and—and——"

"Just so. I understand. But you and I are more like friends than—er—anything, and it might be my duty if there is anything—er—questionable to—to— You see," he went on more firmly, "Doctor Fancourt is an old friend of mine, and I have known his daughter all my life, so naturally——"

He stammered again. His conceit forbade that he should admit that Saunders, an employé, should be his rival, even though that employé was his business manager, and in receipt of a handsome salary.

But what galled him more than all was the fact that because of the agreememt he could not get rid of Saunders, and there was every indication that Saunders would deprive him of the very thing he most desired by virtue of the position he held with the firm.

An honourable man when honour was easy, Wainwright's scruples weakened when he thought of Saunders marrying Mary Fancourt on *his* money.

And here was Miss Martin, who, his instincts told him, was aware of the whole humiliating situation, and owned information that might prove Saunders's undoing.

She had remained silent during his pause. He studied her passive expression for another moment, and all at once he had a flash of intuition.

"I believe you're fond of Mr. Saunders yourself," he said.

She flushed fire on the instant.

"I'm sure I'm not," she said.

And Mr. Wainwright laughed softly.

"Now, what is it?" he queried, with a pleasant smile; "perhaps I may be able to help you—and myself."

She hesitated, angry at having been trapped, then, with a quick motion, brought a letter from her pocket.

"I found this on the floor in Mr. Saunders's office in the dinner-hour—quite by accident—and, of course, I didn't know whose it was till I'd read it."

"No, of course not," agreed Mr. Wainwright encouragingly, holding out his hand.

But her hand tightened on the envelope, and she retreated a step, glancing at the door.

"You can lock it," said Mr. Wainwright.

She did so, and came back with a tiptoeing step, which made Archie Wainwright feel subtly contemptible. A conspiracy with his typist was hardly gallant or dignified.

"It's from his mother," she said, her innocent blue eyes fixed full on his. "She's living in a boarding-house at Eastbourne, and he evidently supports her, because she asks him for money—extra money—so that she can leave where she is because the people there have found out something."

"Found out what?" inquired Mr. Wainwright, vainly trying to conceal his cagerness.

She made to hand him the letter, but he motioned to her to read it. It appeared less dishonourable.

"'One of the women,'" she read, "'began to talk about the Saunders scandals, and I'm sure she meant it for me, and I can't bear it. I must go somewhere else, Torquay, I think. It is quiet there, and——'"

"The Saunders scandals," echoed Mr. Wainwright, "why, it can't be that his father was that company-promoting johnny who got ten years for fraud!"

"It is," said Miss Martin placidly. "She refers to it farther on. He died a year ago, you know, and she wants to know why 'the dead past can't bury its dead.'"

"By gad!" said Mr. Wainwright slowly, "by gad!"

He screwed his chair round and stood up.

"The Doctor ought to be told," he said, "he can't have his daughter allied to ——" He turned sharply on her. "Would it make any difference—to *her*, do you think?"

"She's a lady," replied Miss Martin, with an open sneer. "Yes, I think it would."

And Mr. Wainwright needed no telling that it would make no difference to Miss Martin.

"That letter," he said. "Mr. Saunders will miss it."

"He won't know where he's lost it, if he does," replied Miss Martin, returning the letter to her pocket and walking back to her chair. She had achieved what she had desired, and could afford to wait.

Mr. Wainwright sat down at his desk again to think.

* * * * * * *

A couple of days later Mr. Wainwright received an anonymous letter (written by himself to himself) setting forth startling details connected with the life of Saunders *père*, and asking him whether he considered it commercially wise to allow the son of such a scandalous parent to hold a position of trust in his business.

On principle he disdained such communications, but this one contained evidence of such convincing authenticity that he "felt it his duty" to show it to the person principally concerned before destroying it.

Frank Saunders was a brisk, athletic man, who looked younger than his years, chiefly due to the softening feature of a broad, kindly mouth in an otherwise hard, masterful face. He had a quiet voice, a manner of disconcerting directness, and steady grey eyes.

"Of course it's a fabrication," said Mr. Archie Wainwright, "but my only thought was that if this individual will write such stuff to me he may write the same to others, and I think you ought to be on your guard."

He had gone to Saunders's office to say this. It was an index to Saunders's character that people never called him to them—they always went to him.

Yet even the kindliness disappeared from his mouth as he read the letter, and it became in keeping with the iron sternness of the rest of his face.

He gazed steadily at Wainwright afterwards, and judged in a moment that the information was believed. He passed the letter back.

"Tear it up," he said.

"Then it isn't true?"

"Tear it up."

"But *is* it true?"

"What's that to you or anyone else?"

"Well, at least it's easy to deny it if——"

"If what?"

There was the lowering calm of approaching storm in Saunders's face.

"If it's false."

"It isn't false," said Frank Saunders, with eyes like a battery of menace.

A silence.

Mr. Wainwright looked past him. The eyes were too terrible to be met.

"Your father trusted me," continued Saunder. "I understand this business. You don't. Without me your profits would decrease one-half within two years. You don't know that, but I do. I made a ten years' agreement with your father. Why? Not to make myself safe. I'm safe for the salary I get here, anywhere. I fixed ten years because that was what my father got for doing wrong. And I'm balancing it with ten years of doing right; see! Are you satisfied?"

The hammer-like words struck home to what was best in Archie Wainwright's nature.

He held out his hand and Saunders gripped it and released it quickly.

"I'm sorry," said Wainwright.

Saunders threw back his big head, and the mouth was kindly again.

"You're another one that knows now," he said. "I never believe in washing dirty linen in public without necessity, but there's one that has known all along—Mary Fancourt. By the way, she had the pluck to promise to marry me last night."

"Did she?" said Archie Wainwright. "I think she's more wise than plucky. I congratulate you—and her."

SAVING A DROWNING STRUGGLER.

It does not often fall to our lot to save the life of a drowning person; but, no doubt, the question has more than once arisen in the mind of each of us as to how we should act if we were striving to bring to safety a man who hampered our movements by frantic struggles.

Much has been written in books and articles dealing with life-saving on this point, and the most usual advice given is to pinch the struggler's nostrils firmly with one hand while one swims with the other and the two legs. Again we are sometimes advised to use both hands to pinion the drowning man's arms, and to rely solely upon our legs to bring us ashore.

somehow, neither of these methods would appear to put an end entirely to the struggling; and the following idea, which a prominent swimmer suggests as the only feasible one, is, though distinctly unorthodox, still worthy of consideration.

This is to be brutal with the drowner if exhortations to be calm are unavailing. Deal him slashing blows until he is knocked senseless. Then it will be comparatively easy to bring him ashore. The method may seem barbaric, but, somehow, it strikes one as possessing a certain amount of common sense. It is a good instance of cruelty in order to be kind.

INDISPENSABLE TRIFLES.

It is a truism that it is the trifles that count. They do, and attention to them does make a man's life a bit easier and pleasanter.

A calendar or an almanac hung where it is always under one's eye, a railway guide that is always kept in the same place, an inkpot that has a broad base and cannot be knocked over by a careless hand, together with plenty of unbroken nibs—they may be trifles, but they count for a good bit in the aggregate.

Other indispensable trifles are a file for bills and a letter-rack; while the smoker ought to see that a matchbox-holder is a fixture. It need not be an elaborate affair—a bracket of any sort will serve—but wherever it is placed and whatever it is made of, see that the matches are there likewise.

A man should also keep a small reserve of collar studs and bootlaces, and a packet of court plaster in case he cuts himself while shaving.

A sheet or so of brown paper and a ball of string should be kept in a drawer, also a box of some sort of salve for emergencies, and a few pieces of linen rag—the latter precaution will save many a good handkerchief.

THE MARK OF THE SPORTSMAN

DETAILS THAT PROCLAIM A MAN'S FAVOURITE PASTIME.

It is always interesting to try to play the Sherlock Holmes and read the occupations or pursuits of your fellow-men from signs and tokens that are Greek to the uninstructed observer.

Sportsmen sometimes openly advertise themselves as such, though, like "Bobs," your good sportsman doesn't advertise. However, when you see a natty, hard-bitten-looking man, with bow legs, a whip or hunting-crop as a tie-pin, tight trousers and a fancy waistcoat, it does not require much perspicuity correctly to label him "hunting" or "horsey," but the fun of reading your brother-man comes in when his clothes give no clue to his calling or favourite pursuits.

Evening dress is the great leveller of individuality, and let us suppose that we are at an evening-dress smoking-concert, where all sorts and conditions of sportsmen have come together.

That big, good-looking chap sitting down over there, what do you make of him? He has tremendous shoulders, the chest of a bull, long arms, and broad, powerful hands. Amateur strong man and weight lifter? Well, he might be, but he is rather tall for Sandow-like feats, and when he rises you see that he is lean of flank.

His "pins" are certainly not weak, but his strength lies in his shoulders, and when you see that enormous development of shoulder coupled with the lean nether limbs you are not likely to be wrong if you put their possessor down as a rowing-man, and a famous 'Varsity oarsman is our friend in question.

THE HORSEMAN.

Here is a well-knit, wiry-looking man with close-cropped hair and an alert, intelligent expression. An indefinable something about him suggests the man who has spent a lifetime on and among horses, and a great horseman in truth he is. But it is not enough to give the correct answer to a problem, one must show how one arrives at it, if I remember anything of my schooldays.

There is nothing in our friend's clothes to give him away. I have known many sporting men, but I have never met one with the temerity to have his evening-dress trousers cut tight. Our man wears the ordinary evening dress of a gentleman, and there is no hint of his sporting proclivities in his "togs."

True, when he stands up we get a clue in noticing that he stands with his feet well apart, and that, although not bow-legged, his thighs are very flat on the inside.

But watch him as he ascends the steps to the platform, and again as he descends them after trolling a rollicking hunting song—we won't notice that as too obvious a clue, but the point is that you can always tell the hunting or riding man by the way he goes up or down stairs.

HOW THE STAIRS BETRAY HIM.

The man who never wears riding boots and spurs goes up or down stairs with his feet close together, but the man whose life is spent in the saddle moves in a sort of sidelong way, his heels turned out so that there should be no danger of his spurs catching each other.

That quiet, grey-eyed, grey-faced man, with the pointed grey beard, he is rather a tough nut to crack, but his eyes will assist us. They are grey, a rather hard, steely grey, deep-set, and very steady in their gaze. Now nearly all great rifle- or game-shots have deep-set grey or grey-blue eyes, probably because eyes of this colour are naturally stronger than those of other hues.

Watch the little grey-bearded man's eyes again. They are at once introspective and farseeing. They seem to look through and far beyond you. They are the eyes of a man used to long distances, to vast solitudes. Mark, too, how when he lets his hand rest on the table the forefinger is crooked and how when he crosses the room he moves lightly, silently, surely. With one thing and another, and especially the far-seeing, yet introspective grey eyes, we have little difficulty in arriving at the correct conclusion that our subject is a noted big-game hunter and shot.

Our next study, I will say at once, is a famous amateur boxer, champion middle-weight in his day, but wherein does he betray himself? Certainly not in his features, for he does not belong to the bullet-headed, blunt-nosed type of fighting man, but is a good-looking fellow.

THE BOXER'S STANCE.

The way he stands gives us a hint, for, like most boxing men, he unconsciously falls into the ring position—left foot advanced, right foot to the rear and a litte to the side. But other men stand like this, the fencer for one; any man who follows a sport or game where a firm balance on the feet and ability quickly to advance or retreat are essential, always stands with one foot in front of the other, and the body supported mainly on the rear foot, whereas your riding man, to whom balance on his feet is of no importance, stands with his feet wide apart, heels in line, and is easily pushed over.

How, then, can we be certain that our man is a boxer? Well, we must get him to allow us to run our fingers over his arm and then to raise his arm and lower it while we place our hand inside his arm-pit.

Many people imagine that a boxer hits with his biceps, but that is a mistake. The enormous biceps of the weight-lifter are of little use to the boxer; in fact, they are a danger as tending to make him slow and "muscle-bound." It is mainly the triceps, which lie at the back of the upper arm, and the pectoral muscle, at the arm-pit corner of the chest, that give the boxer his hitting power. Ask any boxing friend to raise and lower his arm while you place your hand under his arm-pit, and you will feel a ball of muscle the size of a small orange rise and swell.

THE GOLFER.

Our next subject is decidedly a puzzle. He has the open-air man's look; his face is tanned and weather-beaten.

His wrists are lean, fine, and sinewy; but so are the wrists of all men who play ball-games successfully. On the other hand, he has not the springy gait of the tennis or racquet player.

Really we must ask him to show his hands, and his left hand "gives him away at once," for across it runs a hard ridge, while at the base of the third and fourth fingers are marks of ancient blisters.

Golf is the only game that marks a man's left hand like this, for at golf the left is the master hand for most strokes, and the continual gripping with the left leaves its unmistakable imprint on the golfer's palm.

R. C. CALVERLEY.

BILLIARD TRICKS.

EFFECTIVE FEATS THAT ARE EASILY LEARNT.

Even the novice at billiards must have noticed that the cue-ball does not always travel in straight lines.

Occasionally in almost every game it traces a decided curve. This fact may be utilised to perform several easy but interesting tricks.

Of course, tricks are not billiards, but who is there who does not like to be able to do something which his chums cannot perform, especially when that something is fairly easy and requires little practice?

1. Place the red ball on the centre spot of the table and the white midway between it and one of the middle pockets, the pocket and the two balls being in the same straight line, as Euclid would say. Now ask your friends if they can play a red losing hazard into the pocket without touching the white ball. They will probably think that excessive side is required, and if they do not know the secret, will fail at every attempt.

To play the loser place the cue-ball so that there is a "half-ball" shot into the pocket. Strike the ball high and fairly hard, aiming to hit the red "half-ball." The cue-ball strikes the red, swerves round the white, and enters the pocket. A few trials will enable anyone who can handle a cue at all to perform the stroke with tolerable certainty.

2. As a variation to the above, place the red on the pyramid spot and the white halfway between it and one of the top pockets, the cue-ball being in hand. The hazard may be made off the red without touching the white, if the cue-ball is placed on the middle spot in baulk and the above directions are followed.

3. Place the red ball in the jaws of one of the corner pockets, the white on the centre spot, and the cue-ball in the jaws of another corner pocket, so that the three balls are in a straight line.

Now see if you can pocket the red without disturbing the white ball on the centre spot.

Of course, it would be possible to do so by playing off two cushions, but the stroke is accomplished much more easily if the following directions are followed.

Raise the butt of the cue so that it makes an angle of about 30 deg. with the table. Strike downwards, giving the ball at the same time a fair amount of side. Aim to miss the white ball by about six inches. The cue-ball will swerve round the white, and, if the correct amount of side has been imparted, will pocket the red.

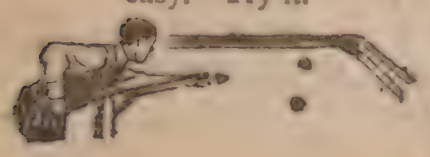
Care should be taken to chalk the cue well before attempting this stroke, as, should you miscue, the cloth may be cut. There is no danger of this, however, if the cue be properly chalked and ordinary care taken.

4. There is yet another fairly easy swerving stroke. Place the red ball hard up against the cushion about a foot from one of the corner pockets, the white also hard up about halfway between the ball and the pocket, the cue-ball being anywhere on a line drawn through the red ball at right angles to the cushion.

The trick is to make the losing hazard off the red without touching the white. Aim at the red so as to hit it nearly full on the pocket side. The cue-ball should be struck high up and not very hard. The red kisses the cue-ball away from the cushion, but the "top" which was imparted to it by striking it high up causes it to swerve round the white and into the pocket. A little pocket side will help, but the stroke may be made without any side.

5. A very good exercise to promote accurate aiming is the following: Place the two object balls hard up against the top cushion and touching each other. Play from baulk, and see how many times you can make the cannon without failing. He is a good player who can do this twelve times in succession, though the cannon looks ridiculously easy. Try it.

H. B. NEWSAM.



MY NOTEBOOK.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS. A week or two ago I offered to send original drawings, without charge, to those readers who cared to have them.

I had no idea that so many of my friends wanted to possess these sketches, and the number of applications that I have received has placed me in some difficulty.

Those sketches dealing with country life, sport, and physical culture, and those which have been used as headings for such popular features as the Kernahan stories have been applied for many times over. My instructions to those who dispatched the sketches on my behalf were that my original promise should be adhered to strictly, and in every case the sketches were sent out to those who first asked for them. To those whose applications came too late, and to whom we were unable to dispatch the particular drawing they desired, we sent some other original drawing, until our stock was entirely exhausted.

There are now waiting many applications for sketches that have not yet been published.

Such being the state of matters, I am compelled to withdraw my offer and to say that no future applications for original drawings can be considered. It will be as much as I can do for some time to come to dispatch drawings to those whose applications are already in my hands.

MUSIC. "If I might suggest an improvement," says a London reader, "I think you ought to have a column on matters musical each week."

I am much obliged to my correspondent for his suggestion, for all suggestions are welcome, but I do not see that such a column would be appreciated by the majority of my readers, and I am unwilling to waste even a column of space.

For my own part, I am intensely fond of music, but I cannot play any instrument at all, and I believe that many of my readers are like myself in this respect.

MEMORIES. I am very much afraid that my own musical tastes are far from being what is called classical. Occasionally I dine with a friend at one of those restaurants which run an orchestra, and the classical pieces they play almost invariably fail to arouse my interest. On the other hand, when the melody is taken from some old comic opera that I have seen or heard in the days gone by, I regard conversation as a nuisance, for I want to listen to the music with all my ears.

A tune that you have heard for the first time under special circumstances remains dear to you always, even if it may not in itself be of sufficient merit to be appreciated by musicians.

WANDERING MINSTRELS. I had an illustration of this during my last week-end. I spent it at Oxford, and, having nothing particular to do with myself, I determined to have a smoke and a glass in the hotel lounge before I retired for the night.

Beyond the partition there was a public bar, and from it there proceeded, to my ears, most excellent music. I could distinguish the notes of a mandoline and a guitar, but they were played so well that I thought they must be produced by a gramophone, as they seemed to be quite beyond the scope of the average bar-performing musician.

I mentioned this matter to the landlord, and he assured me that the music was performed by two players who had just come in. I gave him a small contribution to hand to them, for I liked their music and considered it worth paying for.

Presently they came round to the lounge itself, made a further collection from those present, and, possibly because my own offering was the only silver one, they inquired whether I had any preference as to what the next tune should be. I asked them whether they knew the "Teddy Bears' Picnic." They did, and together they ripped into it.

A MEMORABLE SUNDAY. As I sat and listened to them, I recalled the first occasion on which I had heard that same lilting melody. It was on the day after I had become a trooper in the King's Own.

I am not likely to forget that occasion. I had already been in communication with the authorities as to taking a commission in the Surrey Yeomanry, when one day Mr. Garratt called to see me. He brought with him the original of Trooper Kernahan, and I took them both to lunch. During the meal we were discussing matters Territorial, and they advised me to drop all idea of taking a commission and to become a Trooper in the regiment they held to be the very best in all the country.

They persuaded me the more easily, because I felt that my time was, perhaps, too limited to allow me to do all I should like to do as an officer, and eventually I consented to their proposal.

There were minor difficulties in the way, of course, but one expects to find difficulties in joining a regiment that is stationed a considerable distance from town. It is not necessary for me to go into the details. Suffice it to say that one Saturday evening I was medically examined and passed and sworn in.

I spent most of the Sunday morning walking on the promenade and on the pier at Yarmouth, and there was something fascinating about being introduced to other men of the King's Own, and having the word "Trooper" instead of the usual "Mr." prefixed to my name.

That day was a day of joy. I am afraid I am no hand at describing my feelings or anybody else's, but there was something particularly pleasing in having dropped for a time my business life and in having managed to secure admission, simply as an ordinary healthy young man who knew how to ride, to a squadron which had but one vacancy.

THE REGIMENTAL ANTHEM. I shall always regard my enlistment as one of the events of my life, and I think that every great occasion in a man's life seems to be associated with some extraneous circumstance, often of the most trifling order.

The circumstance that always recalls most vividly my enlistment in the King's Own is the playing of the "Teddy Bears' Picnic."

Mr. Garratt had informed me that this melody was the unofficial anthem of the regiment, and, being anxious to absorb as rapidly as possible all the regimental traditions, I was eager to hear it.

I was staying at the hotel which figures in Mr. Garratt's stories as the "Meteor." The landlord's son is the original of Trooper Stephen, and after lunch on the Sunday the three of us went up to the drawing-room and there Stephen played to me the "Teddy Bears' Picnic."

THE REAL REASON. And that is why I listened with such interest to the playing of this tune by these musicians in Oxford. That is why it was after eleven o'clock when I went to bed, although I had originally intended to retire at ten. Possibly it may also explain why the elder musician of the two remained after all the other customers left at closing time, and why he thanked me for giving him and his companion a successful evening.

"We started the evening," he said, "with fourpence-halfpenny in our pockets, and we were broken-hearted, but you've made the evening a very lucky one for us. Might I ask," he added, "why it is that you made us play the 'Teddy Bears' Picnic' half a dozen times?"

I told him it was because I rather liked the tune. The real reason he will see now, if a copy of this paper happens to be shown to him.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THIS WAS A MAN.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

He was a *man*—a man in stature and a man in character.

I well remember the first time I saw him. A friend of mine—a Yeoman—had been trying for some time to get me to join the ———shire Imperial Yeomany (as it then was called), and I had consented to go down to the drill-hall to have a look round.

"This," said my friend, "is the 'Sar-Major,'" and I beheld a *man*.

He stood six feet three in his socks, but was not the slightest bit lanky; he was beautifully proportioned—in fact, he was the best physical specimen of a man I have yet beheld.

His face was the face of a soldier, as we like to picture the men who have made the British Empire. It was tanned and dried till it looked like parchment, with the scar of a sabre-cut on the cheek which but enhanced the beauty, with a touch of humour and more than a touch of "devil" in the eyes, and it did not take much of a character-reader to see that this was a man who was brave to recklessness, straight as a die, and as gentle as a woman.

He had, I learned, been a Corporal-Major in the Life Guards, had served with distinction in many countries, had been several times mentioned in despatches, and had won the Distinguished Conduct medal in South Africa, where he was recommended for a commission.

After leaving South Africa he was appointed on the permanent staff of the ———shire Yeomanry, and now he had my hand in a clasp of iron. I never felt so small in my life as when I was standing by him, looking up into those humorous eyes.

"New recruit, sir?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know," I replied. "Just come to have a look round.'

He looked me up and down for a moment.

"You'll join," he prophesied, and he was right.

They were firing at the miniature range, and, after a bit, the 'Major came up and asked if I would like to fire. I would like to, but had never handled a rifle.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "Get down on the mat."

The "mat," by the way, was a horse-cloth.

After I had shot (I managed to hit the target somewhere) he said: "Not bad at all, sir, for a novice. You'll make a shot yet."

These words of praise, coming from such a man, made me join at once, and although I have not, I am sorry to say, become a crack shot, I have never regretted the day I first met the 'Major.

We then adjourned to an hotel and had a little sing-song. It was there I saw how the men loved "Father," as they called him.

Before we were well through the door, it was: "A tankard of mild-and-bitter for 'Father.'" And everybody wanting to pay.

It was he who taught us how to rough it on trek. It was "Father" who came round the tents with a whip at *reveille*. It was "Father" who, at the General Inspection, came behind us—the Colonel's troop, and, I believe, "Father's" favourite troop—and said: "I should like every man to sit tight in his saddle and try to keep line in the march-past." We did it so well that the G.O.C. said he had never seen it done better by Regulars.

Many a young subaltern has "Father" to thank for timely hints when on parade.

A few months ago he left us to enjoy his well-earned pension, but he could not be idle. He secured employment as a verderer in one of our largest forests, and a few days ago we heard he was no more.

While chasing poachers he caught his foot in some undergrowth and fell into a ditch, striking his head on a tree. Whilst unconscious he was drowned in a few inches of water.

Thus died the man whom our troop-leader once described at a dinner, when proposing his health, as "the finest soldier I have ever met—of any rank."

"Father," I salute you!

B. C. WALTER.

WASTED ENERGY.

The man with the big boots and the greasy hands was engaged on the necessary but somewhat uninviting task of cleaning out a sewer. The little boy watched him for a while, and presently remarked: "It was down there that my brother dropped a sovereign."

The sewerman was interested.

"Get along to school," he said, "or you'll be late."

And when the little boy had departed, the sewerman worked with a zest that was quite foreign to the average Corporation employé. He was still working at that sewer, and he had not yet found the sovereign, when the little boy again stopped to speak to him on his way home.

"Are you sure," asked the sewerman, "that it was just here that your brother lost the sovereign?"

"Absoballylutely," remarked the child, "because I saw father fish it out again."

OBLIGING.

Dr. Harley-Streete worked on the excellent principle of putting all patients to bed, feeding them on slops, and trusting to the Lord. His plan had worked so well that he was held to be a great specialist, and patients flocked to him in such numbers that he made the rule that they should strip in the ante-room before coming into his consulting sanctum, as this saved his time.

One day a man entered his room fully clad.

"Sir," said the Doctor, "my rule is absolute. I shall not see you unless you retire to the ante-room and strip."

Obediently the man went out, and a few moments later he returned shivering, for the only thing he was wearing was a bashful blush.

"That's better," said the Doctor. "Now what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir," said the man, "I've only called about that bill of Snippets, the tailor."

NOT SO FAR OUT.

It wasn't the teacher's fault altogether. The Education Authorities had decreed that useless information should be inserted in the unretentive minds of the rising generation, and fate had decreed that she should earn her daily bread doing this job for them.

Thus it is that we find her, as we flash this picture of real life upon the screen, doing her best to interest a class of juveniles in the geography of the world, from China to Peru.

"And now, children," she said, "we come to that interesting and prosperous country called Germany, and ruled by the Kaiser. Does anybody know what a Kaiser is?"

"Please ma'am," said the little boy who comes in so handy in storyettes of this description, "it's a spring of water that spouts out of the earth, and makes a lot of steam and noise, and is very hot."

THE SPECTATOR'S VIEW-POINT.

WHICH OUTDOOR SPORT IS THE MOST INTERESTING TO WATCH?

The vexed question of which outdoor sport provides the highest degree of excitement for the spectator is, on the face of it, extremely difficult to answer, inasmuch as spectators are of such varying tastes.

For instance, put a racing man on a tennis-court and the odds are that he will be bored to death, while to bring a man whose sole sporting interests are centred in golf, to a rowing regatta is nothing short of cruelty.

But let us put bigoted enthusiasts out of the question, and pursue our inquiry from the point of view of the average healthy-minded sportsman who is interested in all manner of outdoor games.

First of all let us take racing. At first glance, taking into consideration the vast numbers of people who go racing, it would strike the casual observer that the sport of kings was at the same time the favourite of the people; but here we might ask a very pertinent question. Suppose all betting were abolished on racecourses, would the attendance remain as great, numerically? It is very doubtful.

Probably if such an Act came into being, the majority of the onlookers at race meetings would consist of those whose livelihood was in some way connected with the sport and of owners and their friends. In all probability nine-tenths of the vast crowds that throng the silver ring nowadays would be content to remain at home and send all their available money over to Holland.

Again the same question arises when we turn to the claims of professional football as a public spectacle; for it is now an open secret that as much betting goes on over the big League games as over horse-racing. Why is it that such vast crowds go to see eleven men, possibly not one of whom has been born in the town for which they are playing, pitted against eleven other men equally uninteresting to the spectators? And why is it that amateur games, which, in many cases, provide equally skilful and always much cleaner football, and in which the players have always some claim, whether of birth or residence, to represent the towns for which they play, are always so poorly supported?

No; if we look at it clear-headedly and with no prejudice, it would appear that the intense interest evinced for professional football by the public at large is not purely and simply for the pleasure of watching an hour and a half's spell of play.

Have you ever, dear reader, attended an athletic sports meeting? I mean, one of those entertainments where fine-drawn men dash off madly at the crack of a pistol along a hundred yards track, where slightly podgier athletes lollop round and round an eight-laps-to-the-mile arena until they have gone five miles, and where giants of fearsome muscular development swing a leaden weight on a little chain and call it throwing the hammer?

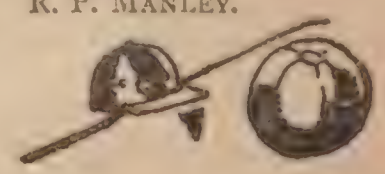
If you have, I venture to express the opinion that you were inexpressibly bored. So that by mutual agreement we'll scratch the "athletic sports meeting" off the list of eligibles for the title of most interesting to the average spectator.

But there are three sports into which none but the slenderest element of betting ever enters, and all of which excite considerable popular interest and attract great crowds.

These are cricket, regattas such as Henley, and amateur Rugby football.

The first of them is, of course, our premier summer game, and the regatta, taking place as it does at such rare intervals, cannot venture to set up in opposition to it. Amateur Rugby football, which, as played in the United Kingdom to-day, is one of our cleanest sports, ranks as cricket's only rival from the point of view of non-betting spectacles; so that, to use the phraseology of the sporting prophet, "in coupling the two, I feel sure that I have named the winner."

R. P. MANLEY.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

FOOLHARDINESS, NOT HARDINESS.

There is, as most people know, a little band of men who bathe every morning in the Serpentine, no matter what the state of the weather, even though they have to break the ice before they can enter the water.

I remember once meeting one of these people, and disliking him intensely, for he seemed to consider that his morning dip placed him altogether in a different class from other human beings, and there was nothing he loved to hear so much as expressions of wonder at his hardiness.

There are many others who bathe in the open air every morning all the year round—either in the sea or in rivers or ponds throughout the country.

If the dip—for it is rarely a swim in winter, and there is little exercise connected with it—is taken regularly, it is no doubt an excellent institution. The constitution is hardened, and the early rising and the brisk rub-down involved cannot fail to have a beneficial effect.

But there are men who, by way of proving their hardiness, will suddenly take it into their heads to set off and bathe during a sharp frost, though it has never occurred to them to do the same during the hot summer days, when they might really have derived some pleasure from it.

That is simply foolhardiness, for their system is not tuned up to the shock which must inevitably come from the ice-cold water, and which is sufficient to tell on the strongest constitution if it is not prepared for it.

It is equivalent to attempting some exacting feat of endurance without previous training, and no sane physical culturist or athlete would attempt that.

The man who tried to row, for instance, in the 'Varsity boat-race over a four-mile course, without training carefully with the rest of the crew for six weeks and more beforehand, would probably kill himself. He would at least be useless as an oar, even though he were habitually in good condition. But his heart, if he attempted to do any work at all, would probably be affected in such a way that it would be permanently, if not fatally, injured.

And it is a similar risk that one takes in such minor attempts to show one's hardiness as I have referred to when they are spasmodic and not regular.

FOR SHOULDERS AND ARMS.

This is another exercise for which a walking-stick supplies the necessary paraphernalia.

Grasp the stick with the hands exactly the same distance apart as the shoulders.

Useful for the rowing man.

Stand erect with the feet planted apart and the head and shoulders braced back.

Raise the hands to the level of the shoulders and extend the arms in front.

Then draw the stick in towards the chest, keeping it all the time at the same height.

The movement must be made by curling the wrists upwards, the elbows being kept at the level of the shoulders throughout.

Press the stick hard against the chest, so as to contract the shoulder muscles and open the chest.

This exercise is a most useful one for the rowing man who wants to cultivate a good finish, and for all those who want to gain the benefits of rowing, as far as the upper part of the body is concerned, on dry land.

There are few exercises so good for suppling the wrists.

As soon as the stick reaches the chest, shoot the hands sharply out again, until the arms are quite straight, and then repeat the movement.

There will, of course, be a tendency for the elbows to sink as the arms are bent, but this must not be allowed, and they must be kept as shown in the sketch.

FOR THE SPINE.

The exercise here depicted is one which will prove an excellent, if exacting, test for the spine, and as a matter of fact it takes an abnormally long back to make the feat possible.

Make a mark on the wall two feet from the ground. Then clasp your hands behind your back and stand with your feet together about two and a half feet from the wall. Now bend down, keeping the legs as straight as possible, and endeavour to touch the mark with the crown of your head.

A Difficult Feat.

It is comparatively easy to accomplish the trick if you are allowed to put your head against the wall higher up and work downwards, but it should be made a rule that the head should not touch the wall above the mark.

A RESISTANCE EXERCISE FOR THE NECK.

Stand erect with the feet slightly separated and the left arm behind the back.

Bend the neck so that the head is as near the left shoulder as possible, and place the right arm so that the wrist is at the back of the head and the fingers just behind the left ear.

Now pull the head slowly over towards the right, resisting all the time with the muscles of the neck as much as possible.

Having pulled the head as far over as possible, reverse the position of the hands and proceed to pull the head over towards the left, still resisting with the neck muscles.

In this way the neck and arm muscles are played off against one another, and the benefit will be mutual, although this is primarily a neck exercise.

This will give you a fine neck development.

The neck is one of those parts of the body which best repays systematic efforts to develop it, especially from the point of view of appearance.

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THE "NATIONAL SPORTER"

SOME STORIES OF AN UNIQUE CLUB

Some nineteen years ago—namely, in 1891—the institution took its inception which has since raised itself to the premier position of all the sporting clubs of the world.

We refer to the National Sporting Club, which, as doubtless all our readers know, has its headquarters in Covent Garden, London.

Though nominally it is supposed to foster all manner of athletic sports, its energies are, of course, mainly devoted to boxing; and it is the ambition of every pugilist, of whatever nationality or colour, to take part in a contest under its auspices. Tommy Burns's victory over Gunner Moir at the "National Sporter" on Dec. 9th, 1907, will still be fresh in our readers' memory, and it was only quite recently that Freddy Welsh defeated Johnny Summers there. The National Sporting Club, too, has witnessed more than one fatal accident; and the case of a prominent pugilist who died some years ago as a result of a flush hit over the heart will be recalled by the older of our readers.

But it is with the lighter side of the National Sporting Club rather than with its more serious features that I wish to deal in this article.

The N.S.C. on the occasion of a big contest is very similar to the stage-door of a theatre, only the positions are reversed, in a manner of speaking. Instead of splendidly-attired "Johnnies" in dress "togs" waiting for the fair damsels of the chorus, you will find, stationed patiently outside the "National Sporter," scores of members of the fair sex, in eager expectation of a sight of the popular pugilists.

A good story is told at the club of a well-known fighting man who one night won a bout in such decisive fashion that afterwards some of his supporters asked him if there had not been some special incitement for him to win that particular fight.

"There was," he answered grimly. "My old woman had set her heart on a new costume out o' the prize-money; and if I'd lost, I'd have got a d—— sight worse hiding from her than I would from the other man!"

Another story, which is very popular at the Club, deals with an Irish referee, who was acting as arbiter in a bout between a nigger and an Irishman.

In one round the black brought his man to the boards senseless, and the referee began to count the time: "Wan," he said very slowly, "two" — a long pause—"t'ree" — "fower" — "foive" — "Holy Moses, he's still ashlape!"—"six" — "sivin"—a long fit of sneezing, during which the Irish boxer struggled slowly to his feet.

In the next round it is the black's turn to receive a knock-out blow. This time the referee displays a marked alertness.

"Wan—two—t'ree," he counts, quickly, "fower—foive—an' foive's ten! Ye're bate, ye black divil, ye're bate!"

There is a rather funny story going round just now about a well-known pugilist, whose name, perhaps, it would be politic to withhold.

He was strolling down the Strand recently, happy in the knowledge that, as a result of a brilliant victory, several thousands stood to his credit at the bank, and that the "moving picture rights" would provide many more, when he noticed a brother fighting man, evidently come down in the world, trying to pass him unobserved. Quickly he grasped his arm.

"Nah, then!" he remarked genially. "No passin' yer old pals! What? Don't like to see me when you're stony? Go on with yer! 'Ere, take two quid. Go an' get a nice suit o' clothes, and then come an' stop with me. I've got a pretty little 'ouse at Teddin'ton—you'll like that; you can 'ave kidneys an' bacon for breakfast—I know you'll enjoy that; we'll take drives round the country—you'll enjoy that; stop at lots of cosy pubs for drops o' whisky—you'll enjoy that; and in the evenin' you and I 'ull put on the gloves, and I'll knock yer —— 'ead off. You'll enjoy that!"

G. B. ROCKINGHAM.

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M. A. W. T.'s Account.

Cheque.	£	s.	d.
8722	24	0	0
9785	24	0	0
9930	15	0	0
10020	15	0	0
10262	42	0	0
10658	33	5	0
11503	20	6	0
31489	18	15	0
12130	27	2	6
12190	17	10	0
11273	42	13	0
12950	15	0	0
13203	21	15	0
11551	32	10	0
14071	20	0	0
14394	40	5	0
14518	14	7	6
14810	20	0	0
14853	15	0	0
14880	26	5	0
14833	12	0	0
Total	£506	14	0

W. N. A.'s Account.

Cheque.	£	s.	d.
1300	10	9	3
1478	35	0	0
2274	24	0	0
2699	20	10	0
2738	12	0	0
3057	7	1	8
3419	12	10	0
3809	55	0	0
4404	157	10	0
4568	83	15	0
4682	40	0	0
5463	100	0	0
6427	69	7	6
6506	67	10	0
6627	60	0	0
6712	67	10	0
6892	30	0	0
8217	27	10	0
8423	65	0	0
8934	8	18	0
9321	7	1	4
11952	17	15	0
Total	£978	7	9

O. M. W.'s Account.

Cheque.	£	s.	d.
7968	84	0	0
8409	75	0	0
8886	24	0	0
9114	96	0	0
9365	152	0	0
10118	40	0	0
10335	116	0	0
10890	88	10	0
11368	24	0	0
12165	104	0	0
12773	72	0	0
13138	56	0	0
13364	56	0	0
13839	24	0	0
14382	12	0	0
14498	30	0	0
14982	120	0	0
15263	16	0	0
15707	71	0	0
16015	182	0	0
168386	60	15	0
Total	£1503	5	0

S. A R.'s Account.

Cheque.	£	s.	d.
c20905	6	16	4
c22212	26	5	0
677	6	0	0
833	27	10	0
403	42	10	0
1164	60	0	0
1553	16	8	10
1771	59	6	9
3129	60	0	0
7728	40	0	0
7864	14	7	6
8119	23	2	0
8610	47	10	0
8668	25	0	0
8901	107	9	2
8937	12	10	0
8970	18	15	0
9221	9	5	0
14566	11	7	0
14803	16	0	0
Total	£630	2	7

Any of the above Cheques can be seen. Enquiry costs nothing. Fill up Coupon Below and forward to us, when you will receive a large 40pp. printed Cheque List. The number of each cheque is recorded, as well as the amount paid, and in addition a Search Form is enclosed, so that any individual Cheque, or batch of Cheques, may be inspected at any time.

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M.M.
46.

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DATE .....

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An investigation of my system of Physical Culture will show you that under my direction every limb and muscle in the body is brought to the proper standard of development. Of course, I pay attention to the demands of any particular pursuit, and am well qualified to do so from practical experience of many sports.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

GETTING AND HOLDING A JOB.

The man who manages to raise himself into a position in which he is employing other people to assist him may not be a better man than the average, but usually he has a type of character that is very definite.

Some men go through life in a hesitating, undecided way, and they may be right, but it is certain that they do not win success. The meditative, philosophic man is like a judge summing up a case; but the man who wins in politics, business, or in any other sphere of activity is the man whose character and purpose are definite; he resembles not the judge summing up, but the counsel pleading for one side only.

He sacrifices his personal convenience to make his business successful, but he is not always followed in this respect by his employees.

There was brought to my notice recently a remarkable case. A man called at a London garage, the managing director of which is a friend of mine. My friend saw him, and listened to his story. He had been a coachman, and was out of employment; he had a wife and family to support, and they were feeling the pinch of want. He was willing to do anything and to take any money that might be offered him. My friend is rather tender-hearted even in business, and he forthwith offered him a job as cleaner of motor-cabs. The ordinary cleaners in that garage are paid 25s. a week, but out of kindness my friend offered this applicant 30s. a week.

For one week he worked well and steadily, but on the Monday of the following week he failed to turn up. He did not appear on Tuesday, and it was necessary that another cleaner should be engaged to do his work. My friend sent a special messenger to the man's house to ask what was the matter.

The reply he received was a very curt one, written by the man's wife, and informing my friend that her husband had met a former employer who had come for a brief visit to London, and that he would be driving him round the town for the next day or two. She added that possibly he might be able to come to the garage on Saturday to draw his money, but that more likely it would be Monday before he could come back. In any case, she said, he wanted my friend to understand that he would require another half-crown a week.

This is an actual and true case, and it illustrates rather well the attitude that many employees take in regard to jobs they have secured. I think you can scarcely blame my friend for sending the man there and then a week's wages in lieu of notice.

The same sort of thing may be seen in office life. When a clerk is out of employment he will willingly get up at six o'clock in the morning in order that he may secure an early copy of the morning paper and make immediate application for any post that is advertised as vacant; but when he has secured that post his enthusiasm seems to vanish. Ask him to turn up one morning at half-past eight instead of at nine o'clock as usual, and the manner in which he receives your request shows you conclusively that he regards himself as a martyr and you as a tyrant.

The recent establishment of Labour Exchanges will, I trust, do much good, but many of the applicants for work would never have found themselves in such a position if they had used a little ordinary common sense in the jobs they have held.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

HOME RAILWAYS.

The depressing influence of the election having now been removed from the markets, better prices should be seen all round.

Home Railways are attractive both as an investment and speculation, most of the companies having done well, and dividends have been increased.

Brighton "A" have, of course, been affected by the very serious accident that happened on that line, but very little real stock has, however, come on to the market.

AMERICANS AND RUBBER.

Americans continue in great favour with the speculative public, and I think should see higher values.

Unions and Steels should be bought, and I still fancy a purchase of Canadian Pacifics for a quick turn.

Rubber Shares are in good demand and show great strength and activity. In this section I specially favour a purchase of Anglo-Malay, Vallambrosa, and United Serdang.

MINES.

The Mining Market has been very erratic and was adversely affected by heavy selling from Paris, which, however, now appears to have finished, and higher quotations may confidently be looked for.

In the Rhodesian Section, I consider Globe and Phœnix a very promising purchase, whilst a bull of any of the leading Kaffirs, such as East Rand Goldfields, Rand Mines, Johnnies, and Randfonteins, should show a substantial profit in the very near future.

A. K. (Birmingham).—1. Should advise you to take profit as it is a substantial one. 2. Hold these shares, as price should improve. 3. A very good speculative investment.

J. H. (Walton).—Know nothing against firm you mention. If you have any doubts, I should suggest your asking for banker's reference.

L. K. (Holloway).—Do not think you can do better than invest your money in Consols; you can always realise for cash at any time.

C. McK. (Edinburgh).—1. Think it advisable to hold both for a possible further improvement. 2. We do not care for these at the moment.

"JAFFA."—The last report issued by the Company was for the year ended February 28th, 1909, and a profit of £4,900 was shown. Should advise you to hold for the present.

T. B. (Barnsbury).—Ventures are talked still higher, but they have already had a good rise. If you have a good profit it might be as well to take it.

"HAL" (Bromley).—In your case speculation would be foolish, as you cannot afford to lose, and even the best speculative plans may miscarry. Keep your money in the Post Office Savings Bank, in view of the possibility of that emergency you speak of.

W. R. (Newcastle).—Though the company has not been established very many years, it is conducted on thoroughly businesslike lines. It says a good deal for them that they offer to show the cheques that have actually been paid to their clients.

C. A. (Durham). — Hold your shares a little longer. They cannot fall much further, and I anticipate an early rise.

P. M. (Manchester).—Invest your money in one of your local companies.

D. S. (Cheltenham).—Have nothing to do with the firm you mention. Yours is not the ouly complaint we have received. We are investigating the facts for ourselves and shall deal with them presently.

T. E. R. (Winchester).—You should sell at once.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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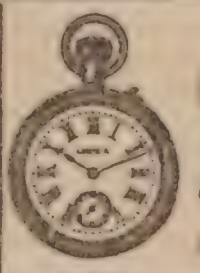

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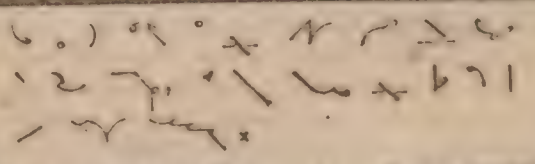

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EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

THE KING OF KNAVES

By E. WADE LANG.

X. THE MILLIONAIRE'S MASCOT.

To record in detail the whole of the felonies perpetrated by the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., and myself during our partnership in crime would, I fear, make very dull reading.

It was not that they were deficient in importance, as a perusal of the newspapers for that period will amply prove, but only that the majority of our enterprises were carried out with such fidelity to prearranged plan that they contained nothing in the way of untoward mischief.

It is not too much to say that the greater the crime the less exciting it was. Ferris was too perfect a tactician not to eliminate in most cases all chance of failure or detection. As material for a text-book on "How to Be a Successful Cracksman" our achievements would doubtless be invaluable, but it is not the intention of the present papers to do aught but present episodes dealing with the unique or unexpected in Ferris's career.

That Ferris himself suffered somewhat from the monotony of success was evident when he introduced a new and, to my mind, foolishly unnecessary feature into our undertakings.

One of the halfpenny dailies, commenting upon the epidemic of amazing burglaries and robberies in high circles, was cute enough to attribute them all to one man, and came out with a two-inch headline dubbing him "The King of Knaves," a phrase which provided Ferris with much unholy delight.

He thereupon accepted the nomenclature and adopted the habit of so signing himself with red chalk on the wall-paper or some other prominent place after every nefarious feat.

The newspapers took it up, and for a long time little else was talked about but this mysterious individual. Criminologists, both acknowledged and obscure, stated in interviews or the correspondence columns of the Press their theories as to his identity, while Scotland Yard was perpetually "reticent, though an early arrest was probable."

There were not wanting people who declared that the criminal must be a member of the aristocracy, familiar with the ins and outs of the establishments where most of the robberies were committed, and one person even went so far as to compile a list of the guests present on each occasion, and to fine it down until he had the names of half a dozen or so "probables." Investigate the private lives of these, he triumphantly proclaimed; compare legitimate income with expenditure, and there you would have your "Knave"!

Unfortunately, however, for his all but accurate assumption, neither Ferris nor myself was included in the final list of "probables," for we by no means confined ourselves to work from inside. Nor did it occur to this or any other ingenious theorist that a man of wealth might be indulging in crime for the fun of the thing. And none, beyond his loyal partner, knew of Ferris's positive genius for disguise.

But the disreputable reputation which our deeds had gained had the disadvantage of all reputations in that it had to be lived up to.

"A duty," quoth Ferris solemnly, "which it would ill become us to shirk."

So it was that we were led into the following incident, more, I think, by reasons of principle than profit.

* * * * * * *

Our host on a certain Monday evening was Mr. Cyril Lutkins, millionaire, of Park Lane, a name which will be familiar to everybody as that of the founder of Lutkins' Stores, whose branches exist in all towns of consequence both in the United States of America and our own country.

He was a genial man, with a sanguine complexion, cropped sandy moustache, neat lips, and frank blue eyes. A bachelor, his sister acted for him as hostess, and, in spite of his nondescript antecedents, he was quite one of the best-liked men in London society at the time.

Not many years before he had made a modest pile in the Klondyke goldfields, since which, by dint of strenuous work and brilliant financial ability, he had built up a fortune whose dimensions could be estimated only by the affluent style in which he lived.

"Good old Lucky Lutkins," said Ferris on reading the invitation, giving him the nickname by which he was known, "we'll go and enjoy a dinner no less excellent than his company."

And after dinner it was, when the talkative sex had left the silent to their cigars and coffee, that the inevitable topic of the day came up.

"My opinion is, it's a gang," observed Lutkins, putting in a word to an argument that had now become general, "a gang, with footmen and waiting-maids in league. Oh, yes, with a master-mind at the head, I grant you. But it's never the work of one man, that I'll swear."

"I disagree," said Ferris, who had been unobtrusively leading the discussion. I, for my part, felt safer as a listener at such times. "A confederation," he continued, "is only strong so long as the aims of all are identical. And it seems to me that the apportioning of spoil would lead inevitably to dissension."

"Well, give 'em time," returned Lutkins, grimly cheerful. "Allowed enough rope, they'll certain sure hang themselves."

"Perhaps they'll be visiting you next," interjected a facetious youngster, who sounded hopeful.

"Quite likely," returned Lutkins, unconcernedly.

"Their efforts would be decidedly repaid," said Ferris, with an appreciative glance round. "Those pictures, now."

"They'd find 'em pretty hard to dispose of," said Lutkins. "Every one of those paintings is the real thing, and there isn't an art dealer in either hemisphere who wouldn't recognise 'em."

"But if the master-mind were a connoisseur!" sighed Ferris. "I admit, if I could lay claim to the fame, the sight of those would make me avaricious."

"If you can get 'em, you can have 'em," smiled Lutkins.

And I almost expected the word "Done!" to leap to Ferris's lips.

"Though I might have the will, I don't know the way," he said. "And I can hardly consult the 'Knave' for advice."

"I doubt if he could tell you much if you did," replied Lutkins laconically. "I've already fixed up my own preventive in case he has hopes this way. What's that, Pentland?"

"I say he'd hardly trouble about the pictures if he once got inside," returned the facetious youth, with an eye on a cabinet of curios occupying one corner.

"Well, I shouldn't trouble much about the loss of them," said Lutkins, comfortably. "They've all got histories, but I've forgotten 'em. No; but I'll tell you what I *should* miss, what I'd rather hold on to than everything else in the place put together."

He was suddenly immensely serious with the seriousness that affects a man who holds something sacred, whether it be his religion or a pet hobby. And all the men in the room brightened instantly with interest.

"It's in the drawing-room," he said. "If you're ready to join the ladies, I'll show you."

We trooped after him, and he stopped at an oblong glass case resting on a small carved table against one of the walls. It contained a jagged, sand-coloured lump, about the size of half a brick, and I knew it immediately for a gold nugget.

"I was clean-skinned when I found that," said Lutkins, with that unaffected slang which with him was more an attraction than a drawback. "Kicked it up with my foot and there and then I staked my claim. My mascot, I call it. It brought me my first bit o' luck, and I've got a fancy it brought the rest."

"All the more reason for keeping it in security," said Ferris emphatically. "That's the very thing a burglar would be grateful to his gods for. He would have no difficulty in disposing of that, you know."

Lutkins faced him with a peculiar smile.

"I told you I'd adopted preventives, didn't I? Well, I wouldn't mind giving a thousand pounds to some charity if any light-fingered gentleman can lift *that*."

"Then, if only in the cause of philanthropy," said Ferris, lightly, "I think the 'Knave' ought to be told."

And he sank into a seat by the nearest lady.

II.

Ferris called it a challenge in his rooms that very night, and swore that nobody with the instincts of a sportsman could refuse to take it up.

"But you would never rob such a good fellow as Lucky Lutkins," said I.

"Why not?" said he, with a clear blue eye cocked on me.

"Not of his mascot, anyhow."

"Wouldn't I? My dear old Irishman, the honour of the firm demands it. I don't say I should keep the nugget even if I could get it, but what a spree to return it to him with 'Knavish' compliments!"

"Give up the idea," I urged. "It's stupid and unnecessary. Moreover, I'm by no means sure that Lutkins doesn't half suspect you now."

"You're improving," said he. "In point of fact, that was the very impression I was seeking to give him. Now, stay your agitated queries. I had a good reason, and a perfectly discreet one. If you'll keep quiet and allow me to reflect on the joys of indolence——"

And Ferris reclined back in his chair, with half-closed dreamy eyes—a pose and expression which did not change for nearly half an hour.

"Got it, by Jove!" he said at last, leaping to his feet and seating himself at the writing-desk.

But he would not answer my eager inquiries until he had finished. He turned round with an ordinary blue letter-card in his hand.

"How's this?" he cried; and read, "'The King of Knaves learns that you will present £1,000 to a charitable institution providing that he can obtain possession of a certain gold nugget enclosed in a glass case in your drawing-room. He accepts, on the condition that you protect it without the aid of police. Please advertise in agony column of 'Daily Gazette' this message: 'Agreed. C. L.'—and he will call for same on Friday next at 10 p.m. As between sportsmen he will forfeit an equal sum if he fails. Institution chosen, the Royal Naval Hospital.'"

I could only stare blank astonishment.

He held the card down for me to see. He had printed the words in small, close letters.

"You're in earnest?" I found words to say.

"Of course. I shall send it first post in the morning."

"He'll think it a hoax."

"Wait till you see the 'Gazette' on Wednesday."

"But he'll *know*," I cried; "he'll *know* it has come from someone who was there."

"Not at all," he answered, his eyes exulting over my dismay. "Who's to know this precious 'Knave' hasn't overheard us or anybody else talking about it? Who's to know he isn't a 'member of

the aristocracy' to whom the matter was mentioned by a friend? What, indeed, if Lutkins does guess it was someone there, or even suspects the someone to be me? I'll tell you this much, Burke, just to ease your natural doubts. If it pans out as I anticipate, the last person on earth Lucky Lutkins will suspect will be—your graceless servant."

And that was all I could get out of him on the subject that night.

But the morrow brought events. It brought Lutkins to the flat, which was surely as big an event as even Ferris could wish for. He arrived shortly after five o'clock, and must have started almost immediately after receiving the letter-card, posted by us. That he should come direct to us was a fact startlingly significant in itself.

I remember how my heart jumped when I heard Ferris welcoming him in the passage, uttering his name loud enough for me to hear and prepare. And association with Ferris of the nerves of steel was teaching me a self-control I had hitherto been incapable of. Hence I think I greeted our visitor with every appearance of composure.

He did not stay long. He was breezily amused at the thing and thought it would amuse us also. He produced the letter-card, which Ferris studied back and front with puckered brow and a half smile of incredulity.

"It may be a frost," said he, passing it on to me and addressing Lutkins, "but I should dearly love to think otherwise. What a sporting game to see whether the rogue really is capable of such amazing impudence!"

Again that dry, peculiar smile of Lutkins appeared.

"Just what I thought," said he. "You ought to share the fun, if there is any—and your friend there. In fact, I thought of asking all the men who were there last night to come again on Friday, and sit with me and watch that case until after ten o'clock. That's not a bad idea, eh?"

And his genial laugh was followed by Ferris's.

"Ripping! We'll come with pleasure, won't we, Burke? And I say, Lutkins," he added, accompanying him to the door, "you'll know what to think if any of them refuse."

He had kept the note of disappointment out of his voice with marvellous success, but I could not keep it out of my face when he returned. This was a move that nobody could have foreseen, and the only relief was that it rendered even an attempt of the mad escapade impossible.

But rather than a spectacle of discomfiture, Ferris was smiling and debonair as ever.

"Great!" he whispered, closing the door softly behind him. "Simply great! What a useful gift it is to know what the other fellow will do! You must learn chess, Burke. The game all depends on that."

I surveyed him in stony silence for a while.

"You're really satisfied?" I asked coldly.

"Supremely," he answered pleasantly.

"Well, I'm damned!" was my only comment.

III.

My manner with him was one of chilly politeness until the following Friday morning. I felt that I was being fooled, but I knew he would only call me a truculent old Irishman if I told him so. And about the matter uppermost in my mind I resolutely refrained from speaking.

He mentioned it, however, as we emerged from the mansions into a bright, fresh day, after asking me if I would meet him at the club that afternoon at four o'clock and wait till he came, in case he was late.

I curtly assented.

"You don't seem curious to know what I'm going to do meantime," he said.

I remarked that I wasn't curious. He shook his head as though in gentle reproof of my ill-temper, and hailed a hansom.

As a last word he took me by the sleeve and added slyly: "I'm going to help our friend Lutkins to outwit the 'Knave.'"

He waved a farewell and I walked along towards Piccadilly in as surly and perplexed a frame of mind as I had been for many a long day.

To make matters worse, he was late. I had pottered about the club practically ever since I had left him, and now at four o'clock I was gazing out of the window expectantly. But I had a hundred minutes in which to merge expectancy into fuming impatience and anxiety ere he came.

"By Jove! Burke," he said. "But I am a brute to have kept you waiting so long!"

"No matter now," I said, breathlessly, "since you're safe."

"Safe!" He laughed, then sent a warning glance round the room to see if there was anyone within earshot. "You never thought——"

"I thought a thousand things," I said. "I thought——. Oh, damn that now! Let's have some tea."

"We will," he said, with a heartiness that shamed my recent fears. "And after that we'll get back and dress. Lutkins expects us to dinner again, of course, and after that there'll be cards or billiards or what you like till a quarter to ten. Then the novel excitement of watching till the hour the rogue's expected, and——"

"You're still going on with it, then?" I interrupted, sharply.

"My dear old chap, I don't lose a thousand pounds if I can help it."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I'm coming with you," he replied.

"Then anything you do," said I, solemnly. "*Anything*, mark you, you do alone."

"Agreed," said Ferris with equal solemnity, but eyes that laughed at me.

Singularly, not a man had refused the invitation, though it was not until all had arrived that Lutkins explained what he had got them there for and showed them the card, and I noticed his frank blue eyes flash keenly from face to face as he made the announcement.

At a quarter to ten there was laughing eagerness as we took our seats in the drawing-room with the nugget in the glass case before us all. Upon the case was a small gold clock. Ferris sat beside me, and he had seized an opportunity previously to command me not to look at him, but to watch the case all the time.

The coolest expression that I could see was that of our host. He was indeed watching us more than his nugget. Beneath his cropped moustache his lips had set into a subtle, unbelieving smile. I had a sudden conviction that he was absolutely sure the "King of Knaves" would not come.

The rest were intent, fascinated, motionless.

At a minute to ten several gave a sharp sigh and shifted in their seats. Then they watched in fixed silence as before.

The clock began to chime, and Lutkins looked at the window.

"He won't come," said the youth who had been facetious once, but was now pale with the strain.

"Shut up!" hissed somebody.

The clock was striking.

Ferris stood up. Lutkins rose also.

"I think, my dear Lutkins," said Ferris distinctly, "that the 'King of Knaves' is a fraud."

And as the clock finished striking, the guests came out of their tense suspense with laughter and rueful exclamation.

"Well, I'm hanged! What a sell! The bounder funked it! All right for April Fool's Day"—and so on.

I glanced once at Ferris. He was laughing.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," said Lutkins, who looked as disappointed as any. "I reckoned on him being as good as his word, though I did doubt his pluck. Anyhow, if he broke faith here, he's pretty sure to break faith with that hospital, but as some sort of compensation I'll send on my cheque just the same."

Which generous promise was hardly out of his mouth when a servant entered, bearing a letter-card on a salver.

"Marked urgent and immediate, sir," she said.

He tore the card open, read, and swore violently, then softly and continuously.

"By gad, gentlemen!" he said. "Listen! '"The King of Knaves" duly withdrew the gold nugget from the Safe Deposit Company, where you deposited it with such care this morning. As the premises are open all night, please telephone and obtain confirmation.' By gad, it's a lie. They were strictly instructed to hand it over to nobody but me."

He dashed from the room, and Ferris gazed pityingly after him.

"I'll explain," said Ferris, "as I think I know more about the matter than you do. That nugget there is a dummy. It was Lutkins's idea, who did not mean to risk losing his mascot. To make assurance doubly sure, he took it to the Deposit Company. I know that is right, because I went with him myself. Unless that latest letter is bluff, that 'Knave' must be the devil."

And it wasn't bluff, as we could read from our host's face when he returned from telephoning.

"Why didn't I tell you about it in advance?" said Ferris, echoing my complaint when we were back again in his rooms and alone. "My dear man, you had such a bad attack of conscience about the whole affair that I hadn't the heart to make it worse. That was why I packed you off to the club this afternoon, so that I might be able to come here and make up as as Lucky L. in peace."

"I've already guessed so much," said I. "But how did you get rid of Lutkins?"

"Left him to meet you, after we had seen to the little business and had lunch together."

"But the getting out of here, disguised and in broad daylight?" I persisted.

"Well, at that time of the day the lift is up and down all the time, and who's to remember whether Lutkins or his double goes in or out, particularly," smiled Ferris, "when he took care to use the stairs?"

"But the return of the pseudo-Lutkins to the locked flat when there might be servants about to say that you, Ferris, were out? It would have been rather strange if Lutkins had been caught using a latchkey."

I was becoming confused with the persons, but Ferris understood.

"Lutkins didn't return," he answered, "but the lawful tenant did. I'll tell you how in a dozen words. After I left the Deposit—bless you! they handed the deed-box over without a murmur. If Lutkins left it at noon he was surely at liberty to withdraw it again at four. After that, I say, I sailed out bold as brass carrying the deed-box in my hand. It was the only way; there was no hiding a thing like that in a breast-pocket. And I don't mind saying that the interval of doing that, before hopping into a taxi for Cannon Street Station, contained the elements of excitement. But what joy would there be in the game without any risks? I might have plumped right into old Lutkins himself."

"And then?" I urged.

"Then I got an empty first-class from Cannon Street to Charing Cross, removed the disguise and blush from my face *en route* and the nugget from the deed-box, and emerged on to the Strand as the irreproachable Ferris himself. The box I left underneath the seat, and the nugget I brought home in my overcoat pocket. You'll find it among the boots at the bottom of that cupboard if you look."

I did look, and Ferris was chuckling when I turned.

"The asses you looked when you were waiting! It was one of the richest bits of humour in the whole piece. Even Lutkins couldn't enjoy it so much as I, because he was half expecting something to happen, and I knew nothing could.

"He would rather lose his millions than his mascot. So we'll be sportsmen, and post it back with our 'Knavish' esteem and blessing."

"There's one more thing," I said. "How the deuce did you spring that second letter-card on us at the right moment?"

"Posted it on our way to Park Lane. Don't you remember my getting out of the hansom at Hyde Park Corner? The last collection for last delivery is at 7.30, and I happen to know that ten is about the hour when letters are received in Park Lane. I figured on that dramatic climax to a threatened fiasco from the start."

[*Another story of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE HORSE-COPER.

AN INTERESTING, IF SHADY, "HORSEY" PERSONALITY.

By ONE OF THEM.

What is a "horse-coper"? This is a question which nine men out of ten would probably not be able to answer correctly. They would probably answer that the word meant a man who made his living by buying and selling horses; and in a measure they would be right—but only in a measure.

The word "horse-coper" is correctly defined by a well-known sporting work as "any dealer in horses whose integrity is uncertain." That, in a nutshell, is what horse-copers are.

And I am one of them.

A short, stocky, red-faced man, with a round, flat-topped black felt hat, a check swallow-tail coat, a horsy waistcoat, and a white tie fixed with a horseshoe pin, and well-cut riding breeches and leggings—that's a pen-picture of your humble servant. You see, I try as far as possible to keep up the appearance I did in my more prosperous days—for now I, like all the rest of my brethren, have fallen upon very evil days.

Fifty years ago or so you'd find us to be prosperous men, both in seeming and in being, with well-appointed little stables and dwelling-houses for ourselves and our retinue of stable hands. In short, we looked for all the world like successful racehorse-trainers.

This is how we used to make our money. We had on our books a large number of impecunious and not over-scrupulous young gentlemen, many of them younger sons of good families, to whom we would let horses for hunting with the crack packs of Leicestershire and elsewhere on the understanding that our clients—who, of course, never paid us anything—should sell their mounts at the highest possible price, regardless of honesty, to their wealthy friends and acquaintances, as though the horses were their own property. It goes without saying that when they had thus managed to bring off a profitable deal for us they "stood in" for a large percentage of the takings.

In this way horse-copers managed to make a fat living; but nowadays, alas! owing to the greater interest developed by the wealthy classes in the sport of motoring, we have to lay our nets for much smaller game.

Nowadays we have mean, little stables, mostly in some suburb of London or some big provincial town, and we arrange with all the unscrupulous proprietors of riding schools whom we happen to know that they should send on to us all the young "mugs"—former pupils of theirs—who may be desirous of buying a horse.

But such mugs are very few and far between nowadays, for the British youth knows a lot more about horses, and is far wider awake, than was the case with his forebears of our palmy days. So we fall back on the "damages" dodge in letting horses for hire.

We "dope" or "ginger" a seedy, weak-hocked animal into looking fairly "spry," and then let him to some unsuspecting horseman for an afternoon's ride.

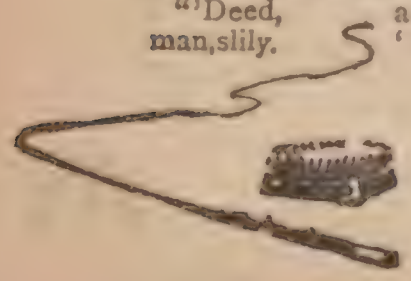
When he comes back, the horse will, of course, be in a deplorable state—and we instantly fly into a furious passion. One of our assistants swears that the horse was in first-rate fettle when he went out; and we claim heavy compensation, averring that a man is no sportsman who could give a horse such a "gruelling." In very many cases this is enough to make the victim pay up a very satisfactory sum of money.

You'd laugh to hear some of us describing incidents of this kind to one another afterwards.

Finally, here is a story of a wily Irish coper who sold a miserable screw to a "mug" who asked for a "blood horse." Next day the dupe came back and exclaimed furiously, "How dare you call that a blood horse?"

"'Deed, an' it is," answered the Irishman, slily. 'It's the —— best one I'd got!"

J. D.



FREE BOXES OF THE NEW "COCAPHOS" NERVE TONIC FOR READERS OF "THE MODERN MAN."

GREAT MEDICAL ACHIEVEMENT OFFERED TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC FOR TRIAL OF ITS ADMITTEDLY GREAT MERITS.

Not a Medicine—not even a Stimulant—but that which the Exhausted Nerve Cells must have before your Nerves can be Strong and Well again.

So extraordinarily beneficial has proved the new "Cocaphos" Treatment for all ill conditions arising out of Nervous Weakness or Exhaustion that it has been decided to arrange for a widespread public trial of this remedy for that increasingly common class of complaint known as Nervousness, or Nervous Exhaustion.

Under this great and beneficent scheme every reader of THE MODERN MAN is invited to send for the gift box of "Cocaphos" Treatment here illustrated.

It is a matter for congratulation that the readers of THE MODERN MAN are among the first to have news of this generous gift-scheme.

It has been recognised, however, that THE MODERN MAN readers belong to the class of people who stand in most need of the nerve aid that "Cocaphos" so quickly and so nourishingly supplies. That is to say, the majority of THE MODERN MAN readers are mental workers in those walks of life in which brain and nerves are taxed to the utmost degree.

A NERVE FOOD FOR THE BRAIN WORKER.

It is the intellectual men and women who use up most nervous tissue, and who are in the greatest danger of over-taxing their mento-nervous systems.

That is why this class of reader so frequently suffers from depression, loss of vitality, irritability, and other signs of nervous over-tension; and that, too, is why "Cocaphos" (which infuses into the exhausted nervous system new energy from without, which feeds the nerves just as ordinary food feeds the stomach) is a recuperative remedy which few readers who have tried it care to be without.

The accountant and book-keeper, for instance, will within six hours of including "Cocaphos" in his daily nutrition experience a simply wonderful uplift of nervous power. Instead of the "figures running together," they will stand out clear and sharp, and almost effortlessly assemble in addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division.

The weary student, laboriously studying his books through the small hours of the morning, "burning the midnight oil" until his over-tired brain refuses any more either to assimilate facts or to generate thoughts, finds that after a short course of "Cocaphos" the brain recovers its natural acuteness and power, and becomes a far more efficient instrument than it was before, retaining its effectiveness and brilliance for hours beyond the usual allotted time.

"COCAPHOS" AND THE BUSINESS BUILDER.

The business man, again, whose task it is to supply the "brains" that find employment for others less gifted, will in "Cocaphos" find a friend indeed—a friend that will supply the "sinews of war"—a friend that will wonderfully increase his thinking powers, and thereby his business capacity as well.

Nor are the ladies forgotten. How should they ever be? The Free Trial Box of "Cocaphos" offered to every male reader is also offered to every lady reader who feels in need of nerve-nourishment.

Especially is the aid of "Cocaphos" offered to those courageous women upon whose slender shoulders has fallen the heavy burden of self-support. To these plucky workers of modern civilisation every man takes off his hat, and to them we offer—as something which will be of great service—a free supply of "Cocaphos" to test and to be benefited therefrom.

Ladies who have to work in offices, in shops, in mills, or in factories naturally suffer from diminished nervous energy and lowered vitality.

"Poor blood" also is an ever-threatening enemy of the woman who earns her living in some such way as this.

One of the great merits of "Cocaphos" is that it constitutes a perfectly safe, pleasant, and rapid and altogether satisfactory cure for these classes of weakness.

The girl whose blood lacks richness and colour through lack, perhaps, of proper exercise, air, and sunshine, and who once takes "Cocaphos," quickly leaves the rank of the "pale-blooded" and anæmic, and feels once again what it is to have rich red blood coursing through her veins, and her nervous system under perfect control.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR ENERGIES AND MENTAL POWERS.

The man or woman who feels listless, enervated, heavy-headed, sleepy-eyed—simply because of an exhausted nervous system—and who is unable to accomplish his formerly easily-performed allotted task, finds that, after taking "Cocaphos," work once again becomes a pleasure—because so easily performed.

When your mental powers and natural energy are unequal to that which they are called upon to perform, then it is that work becomes burdensome.

But when you increase their powers and this energy by means of "Cocaphos," why, then you can rattle through your work as briskly as you might play a game—you feel something of that "Joy of Business-Building" without which no one can succeed in life.

This Free Trial Box of "Cocaphos" should help to bring Success to you just as it will certainly bring you Good Health.

APPLY TO-DAY FOR "THE MODERN MAN" READERS' FREE TRIAL BOX.

But you cannot possibly appreciate the full merits of "Cocaphos" unless you try it yourself.

As a reader of THE MODERN MAN that privilege is now granted to you free of payment.

All you have to do is to write to the address given below for one of the Free Trial Boxes of "Cocaphos," which have been specially prepared for THE MODERN MAN readers.

A box will then be sent to you at any address in the United Kingdom free of charge.

You are simply asked to pay the packing and postage of the box to your address; the "Cocaphos" Tablets will be sent you free.

You will find them the finest nerve-nourishers and brain-builders you have ever tried—increasing your energies and bodily vitality without their use being followed by any depressing reaction.

For Nervous Depression, Exhaustion, Irritability, Faintness, Listlessness, Lost Vitality, Loss of Appetite and Anæmia, "Cocaphos" is a safe, rapid, and certain cure.

Just write for a trial box now. Enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and by return of post this Free Trial Box of "Cocaphos"—with its promise (and performance) of Nerve Good Health—will be in your hands.

The address to write is: Free Trial, 72, Gavin & Co., Bloomsbury Mansions, London, W.C.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

"SHIN" (High Blantyre).—When your watch goes wrong, you do not think of trying to repair it yourself; you take it to be mended by someone who has expert knowledge. Why, then, should you try to tamper with your body, which is more delicate and much more precious to you than a watch? When there is anything the matter with you, consult a doctor. The 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. that you pay him is one of the best investments you can possibly make.

E. D. (Bradford).—We are not going to help you by giving you any information as to how to get on the stage, for we do not consider that the theatrical profession is at the present time one to be recommended. It is a capital life for those who succeed, but there are hundreds of competent actors who are unable to obtain work, and you are much more likely to be one of these than one of the few.

G. D. (Failsworth).—Mr. Mitchell has not produced his exercises in book form, and he does not propose to do so, for the present anyhow. If you want to have several of these exercises together for handy reference, the best plan is to cut them out and paste them on a large sheet of cardboard. Such a chart looks very well upon the wall of a bedroom.

T. R. (Derby).—Write to Professor Inch.

J. C. H. P. (Birmingham).—Your position is a very awkward one. You say that your immediate chief has been robbing his and your employers. You add that you are unwilling to ruin him and his family by giving him away, and yet you feel that it is your duty to tell your employers. Probably you will have to do so in the end, but you might give him a chance by pointing out to him what you know, and inviting him to refund the money to the firm.

F. S. S. (Burton-on-Trent).—Many thanks for what you have done for the paper. We are astonished to learn that at your brewery comparative youngsters are supplied with free beer, and we think that the directors of the company should look into this matter. The best of luck to you and your football club.

E. A. WATKIN, 125, Beaufoy-road, Lavender-hill, Battersea, S.W., will be pleased to hear from readers in that district who would care to join a social club which he is organising. They are having a rifle range fitted up, and already have a billiard-table.

H. C. EDWARDS, 24, Barnsbury Grove, N., desires to hear from League members interested in swimming, with a view to forming a club for the coming season. Applications from non-swimmers are particularly invited.

E. R. (Treorchy).—We believe that our late publishers, Messrs. Odhams, of Long Acre, issue a paper entitled "The World of Billiards." You had better write to them.

A. W. C. (Norwich).—Next time you are in London, have a look at the street barrows in Commercial Road, E.; you can pick up many curios there.

W. H. WHITE, 38, Alpha Road, Chesterton, Cambridge, would be glad to hear from other League members in that town, especially those interested in physical culture.

F. A. (Nottingham).—We are closely attending to the suggestions you so kindly give us.

J. F. (Inverness).—Beef-tea is, as you say, an excellent drink, provided you have no prejudice against it. The crude extract for certain of the beef-teas sold comes from Belgium. Our worn-out horses go there, but possibly there is no connection between the two circumstances. All the same, it is just as well in buying beef-extract to get that which is guaranteed to consist of ox-beef only, and made by a firm with its own cattle-ranches.

"JIM" (Exeter).—Have the buttons on the continuations of your riding breeches placed at the side instead of down the front of your leg. This will prevent the legging from sending them into the shins.

THE REHEARSAL

A SKETCH.

Why the man should choose to come and sit by me when every other seat on top of the 'bus was vacant was more than I could imagine.

Rain was pouring down, the wind was gusty and cold, and all one wanted to do was to huddle miserably in one's overcoat and envy the luck of the people inside.

The man crushed me against the side rail of the 'bus and deposited a straw bag containing something heavy on my boots.

As we lurched past a street lamp I discovered him to be a labourer, malodorously inebriated. He swayed and rolled in company with the 'bus, his head lowered against the wind, muttering to himself.

I bore the inconvenient pressure of his weight and wet clothes for some time, then turned my head and concentrated a glare of resentment upon him without effect. By furtive application of shoulder and knee I endeavoured to dislodge him, but he was as solid and immovable as a sleeping camel.

"Quite sure you're comfortable?" I asked him at last, with insulting politeness.

After an interval he came out with a grunt.

"H—h?"

I coldly refrained from repeating the question, and when he had thought it over he sighed "A—h!" as if informing himself that silence had not been broken after all.

The muttering was resumed, and presently he punctuated it with audible exclamations.

"Hh!" he grunted many times, and then went on to assert recklessly that, "'E didn't care!"

Before long he was soliloquising aloud, manifestly unconscious of me.

"I've bin a fool, that's what I've bin," he confessed. "Bill 'inted as much. 'E's got a knowing 'ead, Bill! And as 'e ses, the money I earns is me own. So I can please meself what I does with it, I reckon.

"I've 'ad enough of *'er* rattle. That's a cert. It's me own money . . . and if I wants ter enjy meself with a few pals, there ain't nobody going ter stop me! Not *'er*, ennyhow! . . . Rattling ter me! Hh! I'll give 'er rattling ter me!"

"Look at Bill! 'E don't stand no swank from *'is* missis, *'e* don't. Ain't such a blithering fool. It's only me . . .

A pause for accumulation of grievances.

"'Spects me 'ome every night, come Monday, come Saturday. 'Spects me ter talk softly ter the baby. Hh! And goo out wiv 'er shoppin'! And 'ear young Albert 'splaining why Tottenham got beat . . . and what's going ter win the Cup. Hh! (a chuckle). 'E's gen'ally right, too! Knowin' kid, Albert! I'm proud o' that lad!"

He drew back one shoulder and sought contradiction in my face.

"Proud on 'im!" he declared aggressively.

I returned the stare unmoved.

His mood changed. He began a rehearsal of probabilities.

"I know what I'll do. If 'er comes rattling ter me when I gets 'ome I'll let 'er *'ave* it.

"'That's enough,' I'll say—calm-like at fust. 'Chuck it, unless yer wants ter get 'urt. Me eyes 'ave bin opened.' That's what I'll tell 'er—'me eyes 'ave bin opened!' And then what? . . . "

"Like enough 'er'll start rattling nineteen ter the dozen. Tell me I'm a drunken lout or som'at, and not fit ter be the father o' respec'able kids. Hh! a lout, am I?"

He spoke slowly and solemnly.

"Sure as ever 'er ses that I'll bash 'er. I will. I'll goo right up close to 'er, and look 'er in the eye—and bash her. I will. Don't yer mek no error. I will."

His head-shake proved him to be obdurate to the pleading of some invisible party.

"And if that young Albert gives me any of 'is lip I'll serve 'im the same. Strike! It's a nice thing when a cove ain't boss in 'is own 'ouse. . . . And can't 'ave a little evening wiv 'is pals wivout being told 'e ain't fit ter be the father o' respec'able kids. Well, *I* dunno!"

He sat back in blank astonishment, and gave his face an upward toss.

"Bill's the sort!" he went on emphatically. "'Swipe 'em!' 'e says. 'Let 'em *'ave* it! And when they 'owls give 'em a bit more.' That's what *'e* does. (A sad shake.) And it's th' only way, if a cove's ter 'ave any peace. . . .

"Sure as ever 'er starts 'er rattling when I gets 'ome. . . ."

Ferocious growlings hinted at what kind of retaliation he would make.

Impatient to perform the execution, he clambered to his feet and would have lost his work-bag had not I called out after him. He took it from me suspiciously, as if half convinced I had come by it dishonestly; then he descended the stairs.

In his present state of mind it was not unlikely that he would do something desperate, and with some trepidation I followed.

* * * * * * *

I did not get a glimpse of his wife, but, passing the door through which he had just entered, I heard her voice. It was like fluent acid.

And I turned back relieved.

S. MORSE CHAPLIN.

MOLASSINE
DOG & PUPPY CAKES,
HOUND AND TERRIER MEAL
are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded, they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicating internal worms and parasites, and preventing unpleasant odours.

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In districts where these Cakes are not stocked by Dealers, we pay carriage to consumers on quantities of 28lb. and upwards.

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KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

LACE TAGS.

When you buy a pair of boot-laces, you usually find that if they are woven ones they have a metal tag at each end, while if they are of leather they have the ends bound spirally with a piece of wire.

This is an excellent thing when you are putting the laces into the boot, but the tags are apt to be a nuisance afterwards, especially if you are wearing leggings. Either the tag is pressed into your ankle by the tight legging and causes no little irritation and perhaps pain, or if the tags hang down below the edge of the legging they look unsightly and untidy.

Most men, having once put their laces into their boots, do not need to take them out or shift them until their time has come to be replaced, and therefore it is advisable to cut off the metal ends at once and avoid any further trouble.

But even if your boots are not supplied with hooks, and you are obliged to lace them every time you put them on, there is no reason why the wire should not be taken off leather laces. These are almost always pointed themselves, and are easily inserted in the eyelet holes.

FUR COLLARS.

I have known men whose chief ambition in life seemed to be to possess a fur coat. The question whether it was in keeping with their financial position, or even their age or social position, did not seem to occur to them.

In some cases I have known them laboriously save up until they had amassed £20 or so, and with that they would purchase the longed-for garment.

Having got it, they found that everything seemed to cost them about twice as much when they were wearing it. "Tips" multiplied enormously, and not infrequently they felt bound to travel first-class or take a cab, where they would not have done so formerly.

The average man, however, looks with something like contempt on the buying of such unnecessary and expensive luxuries by a man who cannot, or should not, afford them. But at least the man who buys a really good fur coat is better than he who has a fur collar added to an ordinary and comparatively cheap overcoat.

That is just a bit of unnecessary swank that is seen through very quickly. In most cases the collar is not of good fur, and if you cannot afford a coat lined with fur it is better to leave the thing alone.

In any case, a fur coat is not a very suitable garment for a young man, except, perhaps, for the motorist, and it should not be very difficult to reconcile oneself to doing without it.

Moreover, there is something rather effeminate about fur trimmings that make them by no means desirable on a man's garments.

Astrachan, which is, of course, a form of wool, is a different thing, but fur collars, even of sealskin or sable, are better left to the other sex.

SPRING-CLEANING BOOTS.

The man who is fortunate enough to have his brown boots cleaned for him will usually find it necessary to "spring-clean" them about once a month.

This may sound a bit Hibernian' but let me explain myself. The average servant when cleaning boots is lavish with the brown polish, which is laid on thickly, often on the top of dry-caked mud.

In time the mud and polish combine to make small lumps on the surface of the leather, which take a shine themselves, but cannot fail to look unsightly.

These must be scraped off from time to time with a knife, and this is one of the jobs that you can best do for yourself, so as to ensure the leather of your boots against cuts and scratches due to carelessness.

At the same time, the crevice between the welt and the upper, and in "Derby" boots that under the flaps, should be cleaned, for each secretes a certain amount of mud, which is not removed in the ordinary casual cleaning.

These may seem very obvious and simple tips, but the number of men who think of observing them at regular intervals is very small, and the few minutes every month or so that are taken up are more than repaid by the improved appearance and lengthened life of the boots.

FAILING A CLOTHES-BRUSH.

The man who wears dark clothes, as most town-dwellers perforce do, is unpleasantly dependent on the clothes-brush if he is to keep his suit smart. The little bits of fluff in the air, the hairs of a favourite terrier, the rough edges of a daily newspaper, or many other of the things that we come into daily contact with, speedily reduce a black or dark blue coat to a very disreputable condition.

I have referred before now to the expedient of damping the clothes-brush when brushing dark cloth, but if there is no clothes-brush available, a very fair substitute may be found in the palm of the hand slightly damped.

This is, of course, of no use for removing dust or caked mud—the blade of a penknife will be more efficacious in that case, but it will brush off small bits of fluff, hairs, and so on.

You cannot carry a very effective clothes-brush about your person, but your hand, like the poor, is always with you, and a drop of water is not usually difficult to obtain.

BEDROOM SLIPPERS.

"Slippered ease" has passed into a household phrase, and there is certainly no part of a man's outfit which is so closely connected in his mind with home and comfort.

Slippers are usually only worn in his own home—for I do not include the less comfortable, if more shapely, pumps that may be worn on state occasions, or away from home.

There is nothing that can convey such a feeling of restfulness as to change after a cross-country tramp or a round of work or sport which has kept you on your feet all day, into a roomy, pliant pair of slippers—especially if you can forthwith place them, with your feet inside them, on the mantelpiece in front of a cheery blaze.

But I am wandering from my subject, which is what are generally called "bedroom slippers." Many men indulge in the luxury of keeping these in addition to others of leather, but to my mind this is always an unnecessary extravagance.

It is far better to keep one pair of soft leather slippers lined with wool, or even with cloth, or some other warm material, and to use these for all purposes.

Bedroom slippers of felt or similar fancy material, are all very well when one is clad in a dressing-gown, but they look very slovenly in conjunction with trousers, and most men do not care to appear slovenly, even when the chances of anyone seeing them are slight.

Moreover, felt soles are by no means desirable in the bathroom, for they have an unpleasant habit of mopping up the water from the floor and becoming soaked and clammy, besides leaving a trail of damp footmarks all over the house.

It is far better to use soft leather slippers with thin leather soles. They will last longer, and are far less "sloppy," and they can be worn for more purposes than the matutinal shave and journey to the bath.

There are excellent slippers to be obtained at most bootmaker's of red leather lined with fleecy white wool.

BRACES.

In buying a pair of braces one of the most important things to see to is that they contain no colour which will be liable to run, when they become damp with the heat of the body. Any red pattern is especially to be avoided, as sooner or later the colour usually finds its way on to the shirt, unless the braces are an expensive pair and the colours guaranteed fast ones.

Some light colour is preferable, such as pale blue, yellow, or pink.

For evening or city wear there is nothing better than plain black ones.

If you go in for braces with elastic ends to them—and, as far as comfort goes, there is much to be said for them—make a point of getting a duplicate set of the rubber-cored ends at the same time.

These invariably wear out long before the body of the braces, and many men in such circumstances throw away the whole pair of braces. But any outfitter will sell these loose ends separately at a very small cost, and to have a supply of spare ones handy will often save much bad temper when you break one in the morning, and at the same time much money.

FANCY WAISTCOAT BUTTONS.

The average tailors ideas in the way of buttons for fancy waistcoats are not always remarkable for their variety or taste. Only too often he has a stock of buttons from which he is anxious to supply you, in spite of the fact that he may have supplied dozens of other customers with identical ones.

There are, of course, tailors who will go to any trouble to obtain exactly the button you want, but unfortunately they are few and far between, and there are often difficulties in the way of your seeing and choosing your buttons.

The simplest plan is in many cases to get your own buttons from a jeweller, who will usually stock a variety from gold and silver ones downwards.

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There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Pyjamas.—Buy your pyjamas at wholesale prices direct from factory; latest designs; 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 9d. per suit, carriage paid; state chest measurement when ordering; patterns free if required.—Farquhar and Co., 407, Produce Exchange, Manchester.

Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

Two pairs black boots, eights, nearly new, 5s. 1d. pair, worth double, too cheap for approval.—Box 1758, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, overcoat, length 45in., breast 42½in., waist 41in. or near measurement.—Box 1759, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's check Scotch tweed lounge suit, excellent condition, chest 43in., inside leg 33in., 25s.; good black morning coat, vest, tweed trousers.—Box 1760, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Hockey stick, boots (nines) used four times, and book of rules; 6s.—C. G. H., 12, Park Road, Richmond.

Wanted, pair ball-bearing roller skates, boots size nine, Richardson preferred.—Full particulars, Box 1750, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Grand nickel-plated engraved cornet, case, and all fittings complete, new three months ago; cost £4; take £2 5s. or offer.—Box 1757, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Banjo, 5-string zither, cost £5, good condition, accept £2, including tutors, quantities of music, and case.—Box 1754, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Clarionet, B flat, Boehm system, by Buffet.—Box 1761, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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POULTRY YARD.

Bargain. Nine fancy pigeons, winners, lot £5, or sell separately; would exchange for good gent's cycle (low frame).—Full particulars from Box 1756, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, Tamlin's Nonpariel Incubator and foster-mother, 100-egg size, in perfect order, hatched all fertile eggs but 5 the last time used.—Box 1762, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Hearson's Incubator, 100-egg size, must be cheap.—Write in first case Box 1763, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Collie dog, light brown and white, age 2½ years; 15s., or offer.—Bew, 24, Guilsborough Road, Willesden, N.W.

Brindle Lurcher; fast, good condition; first P.O. 12s. 6d. has him.—S. Burgess, Dulwich Village, S.E.

Very handsome white and brindle Bulldog, splendid pedigree, four champions, good companion for gentleman, cheap to good home.—Box 1764, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

GARDENING.

Glasshouse for sale, good condition, with boiler, pipes, stands, &c., complete; size, about 20ft. by 10ft. Price £10, or close offer.—Box 1765, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Heating apparatus for sale, three rows of 4in. pipes, 15ft. long, No. 1 independent boiler, smoke pipe, all complete, in good condition; £3 10s.—Box 1760, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

Gentleman's 27in. frame Eadie cycle, suit tall rider, perfect condition; £2 10s., or would exchange for talking machine.—Box 1767, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rudge cycle, almost new, free wheel, two brakes, £3 10s.—Box 1768, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's B.S.A., as good as new, Eadie coaster; cost £8 10s., price £4 10s.—Box 1769, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle, as new, plated rims, two roller-lever brakes, Armstrong three-speed, enamelled green, lined gold; cheap £4 10s.—Box 1770, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 16.

EDUCATIONAL.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.

Wanted, to purchase the Business Encyclopædia.—State lowest prices, &c., to Box 1771, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, old books on fencing and duelling.—Box 1772, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Charles Knight's Animated Nature, leather, illustrated with 4,000 wood engravings, accept 7s. 6d., worth £2 2s.; also the New Royal Encyclopædia of Arts and Sciences, bound in calf, 3 large vols., cost 6gs., accept 12s. 6d. quick sale, or exchange, perfect condition.—Box 1774, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Whitaker's History of Whalley, Whitaker's Craven.—Box 1775, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Business Cyclopædia, 7 vols.; 15s. offered.—Box 1776, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Agents wanted everywhere to sell Dr. Carter's Embrocation, invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes. 2s. 9d. size bottle post free 10½d.—Send at once, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

Certain cure for winter cough; recipe 7d.—Box 1751, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Four valuable recipes, indispensable for home use, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 1755, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Health.—Absolute cure for constipation; recipe, P.O. 7d.—Box 1752, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"The Quickest Honest Road to Biggest Fortunes." Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How." Post paid 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes and Co., Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

Certain cure for falling hair or dandruff; send P.O. 1s. 1d. for recipe.—Box 1773, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Terriers or the Chap in Digs.—Clothing and towel rack, can be fixed and removed in a second to mantel or anything near fire; sent carriage paid 1s. 6d. P.O.—Ingle and Co., Ash Street, Burton-on-Trent.

Cigarette cases and tobacco boxes, made of solid copper, 1s. 9d. each, post free.—W. Rowling, 8, Grove Road, Abbey Wood, Kent.

Gentleman's tie pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., Turnstile Chambers, High Holborn, London.

5s. SAFETY RAZOR WITH 7 BLADES FOR 1s. 6d. Post free, in beautiful case complete, excellent quality and superior finish.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, London.

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Buy Direct.—Hall-marked silver name-brooches, any name, 1s. each, three for 2s. 10d.; ladies' black watches, 4s. 11d. each, two for 9s.—Taft, 115, Brunswick Street, C.-on-M., Manchester.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

£5 per week and upwards earned by advertisement writers. Opportunities for ambitious people. Prospectus post free. — (Dept. 38) Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

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For Special Offer, see front page.

Wanted, Hardy's perfect salmon; also trout rod and reels.—Box 1777, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor-made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40in. breast, never worn; sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

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OF THE REMARKABLE POWERS OF

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

THE GREAT TONIC AND RESTORATIVE.

Footballer and Cricketer forced to give up playing through Nervous Breakdown and Weakness. Is able to play again since taking Birley's Phosphorus.

Patient: MR. A. E. TORR, 84, Bridge Road, Stratford, London, E. Gasfitter. Unmarried. Age 30.

Mr. Torr thoroughly broke down from nervous weakness. He suffered very much from want of sleep, and his appetite quite failed him. An ardent cricket and football player, he was obliged to discontinue playing altogether, having no energy left scarcely for anything. "At the time I began Birley's Phosphorus" he writes, "I had given up all hope of ever being well again. I had been treated at a well-known Hydropathic Hospital in Derbyshire, and was, after that, eight months in a large London Hospital. I got relief at both these places but no cure. I used to be a fine football and cricket player before my health broke down, and had given up all hope of ever playing again. But after taking a few bottles of Birley's Phosphorus I was astounded at the change in my condition. Indeed, I am very pleased to say that I have been able to play cricket again this summer with the West Ham Park League. My appetite, which was very poor, is now excellent. I sleep well, and have increased in weight splendidly. I have spent pounds in various remedies, but there is nothing in my experience to equal Birley's Phosphorus. If my remarks should be read by any fellow sufferer, I shall be only too pleased to answer any questions on the matter personally or by letter. Call or write."

Nervous Prostration after Influenza, Loss of Energy and Depression.

Patient: MR. JOHN ROOKS, Guildhall, Whittlesford, Cambridgeshire. Unmarried. Age 24.

Ever since he had Influenza, two years ago, Mr. Rooks has been in very poor health. He first suffered from severe headaches and dizziness, followed by trembling, palpitation, and sleeplessness. He became very nervous and depressed, and was troubled with indigestion, though he had not much of an appetite. Failing to get any relief from the different remedies he had been trying, he decided to take Birley's Phosphorus. Then he found what he wanted, for in a short time he began to feel better. "I had been suffering," he writes, "from nervous depression for over a year when I began the Phosphorus. I felt as tired and done up of a morning as when I went to bed. I seemed to have lost all interest in life, having no energy left for anything. I tried many remedies, but nothing did me any good until I took Birley's Phosphorus. Considering the short time I have been taking it, the improvement in my health is really wonderful. I consider it a marvellous remedy, and would not be without it on any account. No doubt, I was looking very ill, and was getting thin. Now all my friends cannot help noticing the difference in me, and tell me how well I am looking. And I feel it, too, as I am quite a new man. The depression has gone; I feel brighter and happier, and do not any longer wish to avoid the company of others, but take a pleasure in seeking it."

WHY PHOSPHORUS IS THE BEST AND SUREST TONIC AND RESTORATIVE KNOWN.

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain and Nerves.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the Brain and Nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, **properly** administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Headache, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, Nervous Indigestion, Neuralgia, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those **vague and undefined nervous conditions** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia—viz., Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of the above distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Remember.—Worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities all oppress and debilitate the nervous system and pave the way for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. You will be wise to fill in the coupon and secure a FREE Trial Bottle of this magnificent nerve restorative without delay.

A WEEK'S FREE TRIAL.

Send this Coupon (D.X. 45) To-day

to Gordon, Murray and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and a generous-sized Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus (containing a Week's Supply) will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. ONE Trial Bottle *only* to each applicant.

Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, Stores, &c., at

9½, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.

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